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VOL. 39 No. 5 NOVEMBER, 1949

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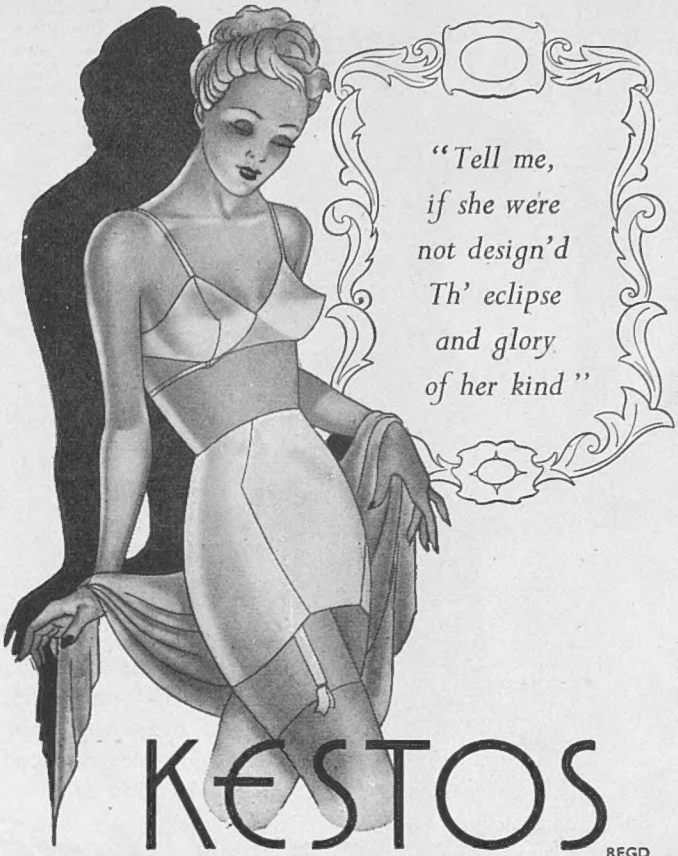

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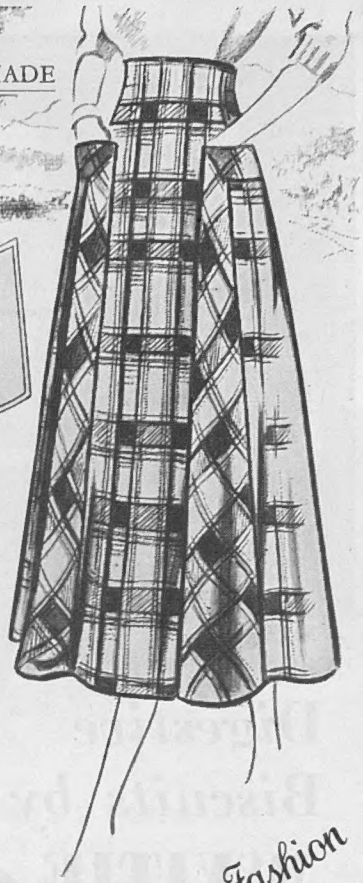

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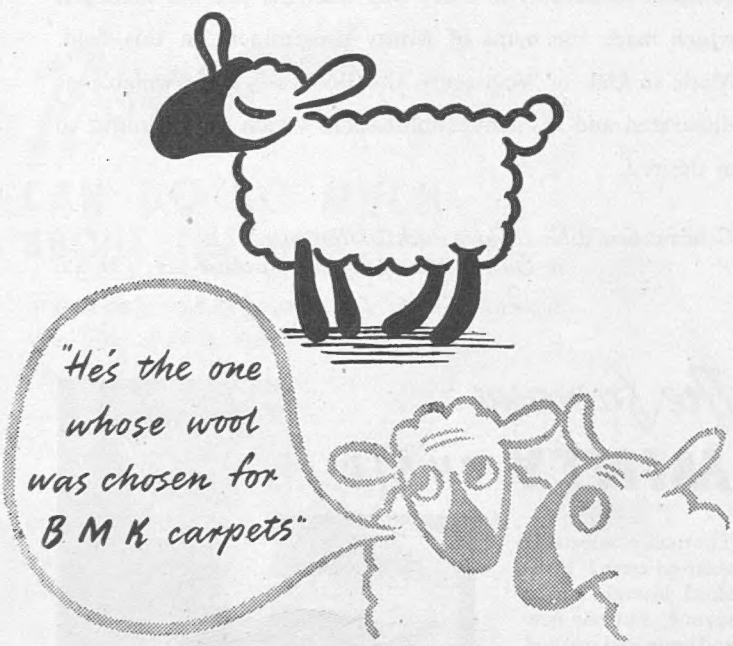

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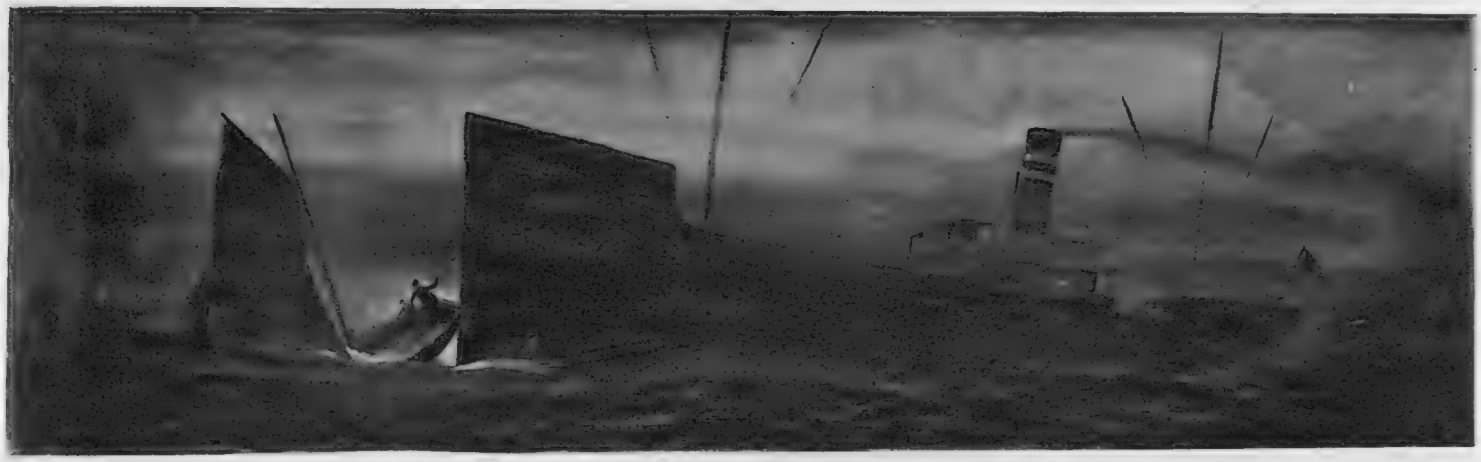
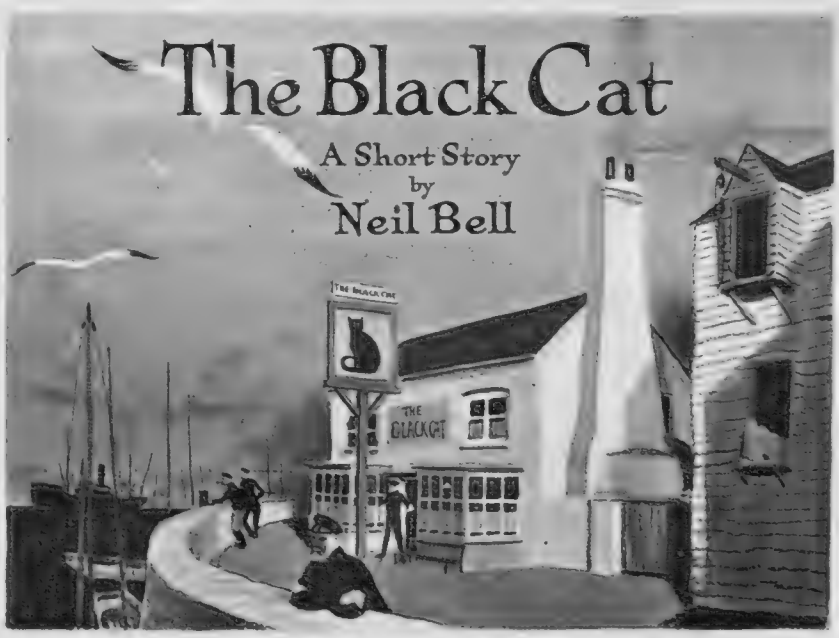


It was feared that the Bessie *had been run down in the fog by some criminal vessel driving through the fog at full speed and in silence*



THE 600-ton *Janet* was the largest and latest of the fleet of twelve colliers owned by the Jesmond Steam Navigation Company of Newcastle-on-Tyne. Captain Grainger, her skipper, was a short, thick-set man of forty-five, with a face as hard as teak and as brown as mahogany. He was tough and he was pious; an awe-inspiring combination. His temper was choleric. Any suggestion put to him usually met with an almost automatic contradiction, while the mildest opposition provoked him to fury. The Mate, Tom Gilroy, was slightly older than Grainger. He had held a master's ticket for twenty years, yet had never had a ship, and was embittered at what he looked upon as this raw deal from life. Occasionally he was driven to stand up to Grainger, but as a general rule he avoided any conflict by a sullen and taciturn obedience.

The crew numbered seven; the oldest being Ted Saunders, the cook, who was fifty; and the youngest, Harry Bending, a boy of sixteen. There was a big ginger tom-cat, Bob, a great fighter and a great thief. At sea his pugnacity had no outlet and in compensation he gave rein to his other failing and with such success that Grainger had sworn that the next time Bob was caught in the act he would go overboard.

It was a happy ship, despite the Old Man's difficult temper and the Mate's moroseness. Grainger drove everyone hard, including himself; but once the job in hand was done there was no arbitrary encroachment upon rest or leisure; nor did he enquire into how that leisure (small enough in any case) was spent. There was no quarter-deck affectation about him as there often is with skippers of small craft. His discipline was strict yet friendly. Tyrant he was, but he was also a fine seaman. He asked no one to work harder than he did himself. He stood on no ceremony, nor demanded any. The hands called him Skip to his face and he always used their first names. He often poked his head into the galley for a mug of tea and would wait his turn. Most important of all, he ate the same food as the crew, although he and the Mate fed apart in his tiny "state-room." And it was good food, for the owners were open-handed and *Janet* was well-found in every respect.

She had been four days unloading at Stevens's Wharf just above the Pool and was now returning in ballast to her home port. She was twelve hours out, the weather typically November: grey, chilly, damp. It was about midway through the first watch and the men, supper over, were turning-in, smoking a final pipe before going to sleep. Harry Bending was diluting some condensed milk in a saucer with water, Bob purring round him, rubbing against his legs with arched back and tail hoisted.

"What 's a-matter with your nose, owd boy?" Harry said. "Who 's been scrattin it?"

"What 's up, Harry?" Ted Saunders asked.

"Sothin's been scrattin owd Bob," Harry said, "all down his nose, an' his eye 's half-closed."

There was a laugh, and one of the hands said: "Bob had a dust-up just afore we sailed this morning. A big tabby came aboard arter him and there was a proper do. But Bob put him going; and half his fur; fair dust-up. There 's always cats coming aboard arter owd Bob. And always toms. He must get up to no good arter their fancy pieces, owd Bob must. And so they come aboard for a show-down. And sorry they come, most on 'em."

"They are an' all," Ted Saunders said; "I 've seen owd Bob scores o' times in fights wi' Cockney toms, and I 've never seen one 't could stand up to him for more 'n a round. He likes to get on his back and scrabble at their guts with his hind claws. Proper terror he is, like gutting an 'errin'."

"He 'll meet his match one day," a voice coughed from behind a cloud of acrid smoke.

"Not owd Bob won't," Harry laughed, stroking the cat, now lapping and purring contentedly. "Bob 's like a champion boxer: top o' the class."

WHEN the Mate came up to take over the watch from Captain Grainger at one-thirty the next morning, *Janet* was driving through a dense fog at her top speed of twelve knots and with her siren dumb.

The Skipper handed over the wheel without a word and made to leave, when Gilroy said: "Better ease her to half-speed, hadn't I?"

"No," Grainger said shortly; "I'm not missing the Sunderland match for a bit o' fog."

Gilroy shrugged his shoulders and his hand went up to the siren button.

"And cut that out," Grainger said surlily. "If you can tell where sound comes from in this, you ought to have a posh job up at the Admiralty."

Again Gilroy shrugged, but did not reply; and sensing the criticism of this silence, Grainger snapped angrily, "D'you hear me?"

"I hear," Gilroy said sullenly.

"Bide it, then," Grainger said, and left the wheelhouse.

He liked a meal before he turned in after a watch. He had a hearty appetite and was fond of meat, and his temper softened as he thought of the four cold pork chops awaiting his attention in the state-room. In anticipation, he was sinking his hungry teeth into the tender flesh as he opened the door. On the table, busy at the plate of chops, was Bob. The Skipper's piety was not proof against this trial. He swore furiously, and as the cat turned he struck it a savage blow on the head with his fist. The cat, its skull smashed, fell to the floor without a cry. Picking it up by the scruff, Grainger went softly back on deck and, avoiding being seen by Gilroy, dropped the body overboard.

The fog had disappeared by breakfast-time and there was a watery sun. The boy Harry came down the companion into the fo'c'sle carrying a large dixie of steaming tea. He was followed by a huge cat, mewing hungrily. "What have you got there, Harry?" someone asked. "A ruddy tiger?"

"He came up out of the bunkers just now," Harry said. "Must have come aboard afore we left. Come arter owd Bob, I reckon. Some cat, ent 'e?"

"Gawd, he is an' all!" said one of the hands. "Some ruddy fighter, too,

Grainger pulled open the door of the galley and glared at the cat, now rubbing itself against Saunders' legs. "What's this?" he roared

I lay. Why, the perisher 's got on'y one ear ! "

The newcomer, a huge, raven black tom, with a blaze on its breast the size of a medal and a smaller one on its right foot, was now rubbing itself importunately against everyone in turn and mewing.

" Give the perisher some milk and a bit o' sardine," someone said. " Must be famished arter being shut down there. Wonder what owd Bob 'll do when he sees 'im. Won't arf be a tear-up."

Harry nodded, putting down on the floor a saucer and an almost empty sardine tin. " Anyone seen owd Bob ? " he said. " Funny 'e 's not 'ere for his breakfast. Never known him to miss afore."

" You 're right, Harry," one of the hands said. " If there 's one thing he likes more 'n fighting it 's grub. Anyone seen 'im ? "

No one had, and presently someone said with a laugh : " What about if they *have* met a'ready, owd Bob and Joe Louis here, eh ? What about that ? "

" Well, what about it, Bert ? " Harry said.

" That 's why owd Bob hasn't turned up. He 's 'ad it. Joe 's done 'im in or put 'im going over the side."

Illustrations by W. S. Hutton

" Chuck it ! " several voices said, with laughter.

" Well, where is 'e, then ? He 's never missed his scran before, 'as 'e ? He 's been K.O.'d or gorn overboard. Go an' 'ave another look round, Harry."

The boy was gone nearly ten minutes and returned to say owd Bob was not in the ship ; that Ted Saunders agreed the big black devil had chased him overboard ; and advised that nothing should be said to the Skip about the newcomer.

" Why not ? " someone asked.

" Ted says he 's in such a ruddy temper this morning that he 'd chuck the poor perisher overboard."

It was agreed to say nothing ; but they reckoned without Joe, who resented his close confinement in the fo'c'sle and voiced his feelings loudly at intervals during the morning.

Shortly before noon the Skipper was talking to Gilroy on deck when they were interrupted by a startling caterwauling from below. To Gilroy's astonishment Grainger's face changed from its accustomed mahogany to a pale tan.

" Did you hear that, Tom ? " he said.

" I 'm not deaf," the Mate said shortly.

Grainger ignored this. " What was it ? " he asked.

Gilroy stared at him. " What was it ? " he said. " Why, owd Bob."

" I 'm not so sure it was a cat," Grainger said.

" Not a cat ? " Gilroy said, and repeated, " Not a cat ? " as if the words fascinated him.

Again the sound came from below and Grainger turned to young Harry Bending, who was passing, and snapped : " Did you hear a cat, boy ? "

" A cat, Skip ? " Bending said. " No, I didn't hear nothing."

" Then you 're deaf as well as daft ! " growled Gilroy, as the caterwauling sounded again. " What 's that if it 's not a cat ? "

" We 'll soon see," Grainger said loudly, and ran down the companion, followed closely by Gilroy and the boy.

Immediately the door was opened the huge black cat shot up the companion and made for the cook's galley, where Ted Saunders tried to hide it.

Grainger pulled open the door of the galley and glared at the cat, now rubbing itself against Saunders' legs. " What 's this ? " he roared.

" A cat, Skip," said Saunders soothingly.

" I know it 's a cat ! " Grainger said, between his teeth. " How did it get here ? "

" Came aboard arter owd Bob while we was tied up at Stevenses," Saunders said, " and got shut up in a bunker and we on'y found him 'smorning."

" Well, chuck him overboard," Grainger said. " We can't have two cats aboard. One 's more 'n enough by long chalks. Go on, over with him."

" That 's just it, Skip," Saunders said ; " there ain't two cats. Owd Bob 's disappeared. We reckon this big perisher 'ere 's chased 'im overboard."

" Rot ! " Grainger snapped. " He 's about somewhere. He 'll turn up for his vittles."

" He didn't turn up for breakfast an' it 's the on'y time 'e 's ever missed since he first come aboard three year ago. He 's gone overboard, Skip, and this ugly, old one-eared devil sent him there "

Grainger turned away. " A'right, Ted," he said, " I 'll take your word for it. But if Bob turns up, one of 'em 's got to go overboard. Please yourselves which."

THE *Janet* berthed at Engel's Wharf just after dawn on the Saturday. Loading would not begin until Tuesday, and Captain, Mate and hands dispersed to their homes, their thoughts less upon reunion with wives and families than upon the needle-match that afternoon between Newcastle and Sunderland.

Ted Saunders was a bachelor. He lived with his sister, who was married to Jack Harvey, a checkweighman at one of the pits. Jack Harvey had a younger brother, Arthur, who was a reporter on the *Newcastle Weekly Herald.*

Ted brought to his lodgings the huge, one-eared black cat, Joe, and Arthur Harvey calling in that evening to discuss football matters was told the story of Joe's victory over the lamented Bob. Reporter Harvey, possessing a lively imagination, embellished the tale a little and it appeared in the regular feature column " News and Comments " in the following Wednesday's issue of the *Herald.* Harvey's pen had made great play with the gigantic size of the " coal-black devil from London " with its one ear and its white patch on heart and paw.

The *Janet* left for London the following Saturday just after midnight, with Joe aboard as the official ship's cat.

AT ten o'clock on the Monday a young man called at the offices of the Jesmond Steam Navigation Company and asked if he could see Captain Grainger of the collier *Janet.* Told that *Janet* was well on her way to London, he then said he wanted to see the owner, and, refusing to be put off with anyone less eminent, he was, shortly after eleven o'clock, shown in to the office of Mr. Horace Revell, the elder of the two brothers who owned the fleet of colliers.

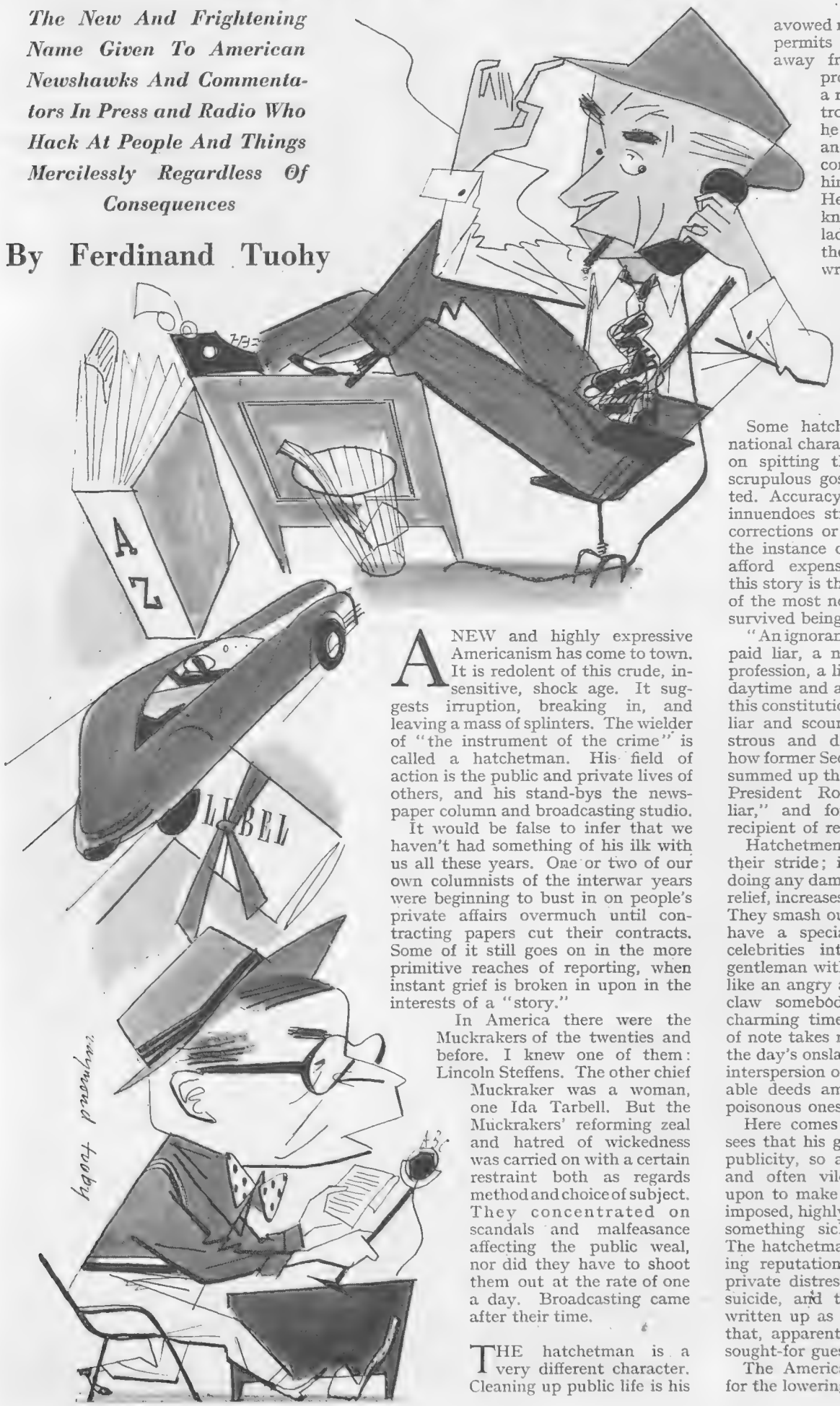
The young man introduced himself as Stephen Jellicoe. He said he came from Lowestoft, in Suffolk; that his mother was a Newcastle woman and that her sister, still resident in Newcastle, sent her regularly the weekly *Herald.* He then told an extraordinary story to which Mr. Revell listened with some inward perturbation but with outward bland scepticism, which he voiced at the end of the story by saying loudly, " Rubbish, my dear sir ! Utter rubbish—a cock-and-bull story ! You surely do not expect me, or any other sane person, to believe such a fairy-tale." (*Continued on page* 60)

The man wanted to see the owner of the Janet, *and shortly after eleven o'clock was shown in to the office of Mr. Horace Revell, the elder of the two brothers who owned the fleet of colliers*

The *hatchetman* Cometh

The New And Frightening Name Given To American Newshawks And Commentators In Press and Radio Who Hack At People And Things Mercilessly Regardless Of Consequences

By Ferdinand Tuohy



A NEW and highly expressive Americanism has come to town. It is redolent of this crude, insensitive, shock age. It suggests irruption, breaking in, and leaving a mass of splinters. The wielder of "the instrument of the crime" is called a hatchetman. His field of action is the public and private lives of others, and his stand-bys the newspaper column and broadcasting studio.

It would be false to infer that we haven't had something of his ilk with us all these years. One or two of our own columnists of the interwar years were beginning to bust in on people's private affairs overmuch until contracting papers cut their contracts. Some of it still goes on in the more primitive reaches of reporting, when instant grief is broken in upon in the interests of a "story."

In America there were the Muckrakers of the twenties and before. I knew one of them: Lincoln Steffens. The other chief Muckraker was a woman, one Ida Tarbell. But the Muckrakers' reforming zeal and hatred of wickedness was carried on with a certain restraint both as regards method and choice of subject. They concentrated on scandals and malfeasance affecting the public weal, nor did they have to shoot them out at the rate of one a day. Broadcasting came after their time.

THE hatchetman is a very different character. Cleaning up public life is his avowed major objective, too, but he permits himself to wander right away from it whenever a juicy prospect calls. He doesn't care a rap whom he hurts or what trouble he brings. Rather does he maintain a plush insolence, an aggressive aplomb, which combine to give more than a hint of the gangster make-up. He gives the impression of knowing he's something of a lad to an immense public, in the course of his hacking and wrenching, and very likely he is, since a hatchetman reflects something of the morals and manners of his time. The times incline to the lawless, "number-one-first," couldn't-care-less, and so does your hatchetman.

Some hatchetmen have risen to be national characters and feel they must go on spitting their freely scurrilous, unscrupulous gossip or risk being supplanted. Accuracy is not necessary. Lies and innuendoes stream out, and seldom are corrections or retractions made, save at the instance of injured parties who can afford expensive counsel. Dominating this story is the toleration of the lie. One of the most notorious of hatchetmen has survived being called—

"An ignorant liar, a pusillanimous liar, a paid liar, a natural-born liar, a liar by profession, a liar for a living, a liar in the daytime and a liar in the night-time . . . this constitutional, unmitigated, infamous liar and scoundrel." "A teller of monstrous and diabolical falsehoods," was how former Secretary of State Cordell Hull summed up the same hatchetman who, to President Roosevelt, was "a chronic liar," and for President Truman, the recipient of repeated "liar's stars."

Hatchetmen take this sort of thing in their stride; in fact, like it. Far from doing any damage to them, it sets them in relief, increases their readers and listeners. They smash out all the harder, they even have a special technique for drawing celebrities into attacking them. One gentleman with a hatchet "spits epithets like an angry alley cat when he is out to claw somebody." Pleasant customers, charming times! A second hatchetman of note takes refuge in the holy life after the day's onslaught on his neighbour. An interspersion of occasional good or charitable deeds amid the stream of bad-to-poisonous ones is another safe "alibi."

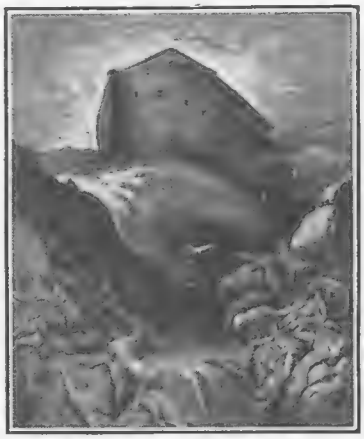
Here comes another hatchetman who sees that his good inner life receives full publicity, so as to balance the virulent and often vile attacks he feels called upon to make in the pursuit of his self-imposed, highly lucrative calling. There is something sickening about this angle. The hatchetman lays about him, damaging reputations irreparably and sowing private distress, even driving victims to suicide, and then is photographed and written up as a devout worshipper; and that, apparently, suffices to keep him a sought-for guest at social functions.

The Americans can thank themselves for the lowering (*Continued on page 76*)

Looking For Eden And The Arks

By Martin Thornhill

THERE are several memorials to mankind's original mother; but only one, I believe, to Adam. A tall column, it is, of course, capped with representations of serpent and apple. But it also bears the inscription: "Mankind's greatest benefactor"; and it may well be, in effect, a wish to subscribe in practical fashion to this tribute, that has inspired the renewed searches to establish the whereabouts of the Garden of Eden, and to identify the remains of Noah's Ark on Mount Ararat, and track down the Ark of the Covenant.



An impression of the Ark on Mount Ararat by the famous French illustrator, Gustave Doré

True, there is an element in these expeditions which parallels the futile endeavours to unearth the treasure reputedly buried on Cocos Island: despite the obliterating influence of the years, searchers never seem to tire of trying. Nevertheless, so long as a shred of possibility remains, faint hopes of success will survive.

Three parties plan to tackle the Ararat venture; one is British, another Dutch, the third American. The last already arrived in Ankara and, having obtained permission from the Turkish authorities, set out for the majestic Mount, of which the loftiest parts tower to a snow-capped peak of 17,000 feet. It lies about midway between the Black and Caspian seas in territory which was biblically Ararat, but has long since been Armenia, and until the first World War was shared between Turkey, Russia and Persia.

Ararat itself being, so to speak, a corner-stone of the three states, came to be recognized as a sort of "prohibited area." And this, coupled with the active hindrance of Armenian monks who regarded the Ark's last resting-place as sacred ground to be held inviolate from human invasion, made access by investigators difficult. Yet, despite the impediments, a few enthusiasts, generally working alone, have managed to find a way through. The first recorded attempt was in 1829 by a German doctor who even managed to reach the "secret summit," but found nothing. Several searches were then made by individual explorers, of whom one of the last, in 1878, was Lord Bryce, an English statesman, again without result. Two years after the outbreak of the first World War a Russian aviator was cruising over the peak when he spotted —so he reported—an object which might indeed have been the relics of the Ark. They looked, he said, like the hull of a derelict submarine, high-and-dry on the mountain. However, the anti-religious trend of the Revolution effectually halted

(*On left*) Members of an American Expedition, formed to discover any remains of Noah's Ark on Mount Ararat, photographed with villagers and a captain of the Turkish Army at the foot of the mountain. In the background can be seen Mount Ararat, on the Turkish-Russian-Iranian frontier, one of the wildest and most desolate areas in the world

any Russian follow-up of this discovery.

Inevitably, other theories exist as to the probable site of the relics. Nestorian Christians maintained that there was a monastery on Mount Judi, south of Ararat, where "genuine relics of the Ark" used to be exhibited until the building was destroyed by lightning. This points, is the claim, to the probability that the Ark came to rest on Judi. Babylonian legend speaks of Mount Nizir as the spot. There is no eminence of that name to-day, but it is thought to be either Mount Rowanduz on the Iraq border, or Elburg near Teheran, which were within the old Babylonian Empire. Greek mythology records that when the nine days' flood subsided, the ship was found on Mount Parnassus in Phocis.

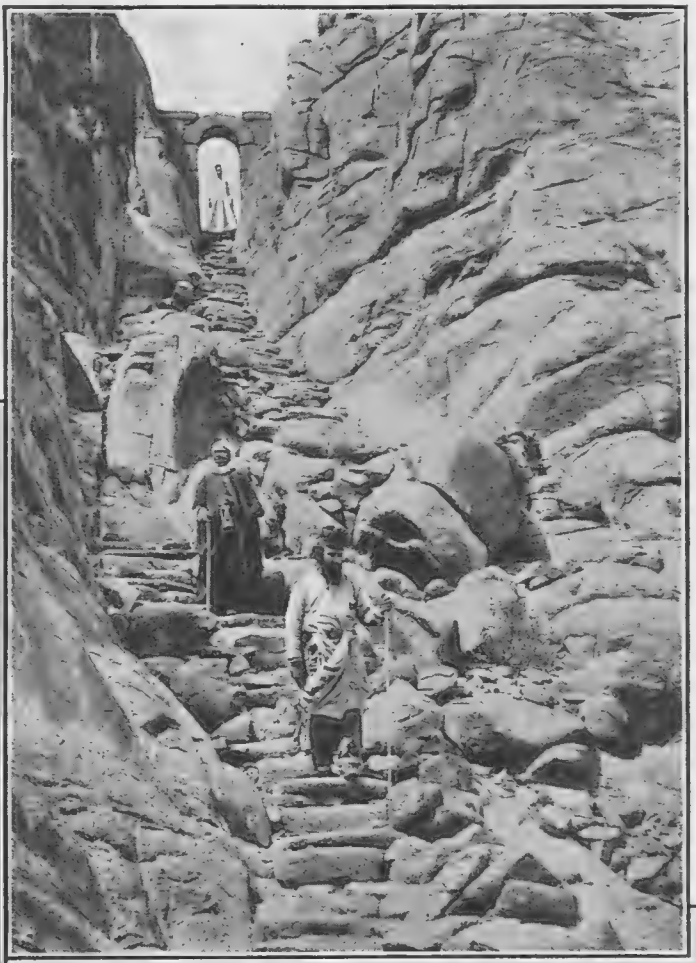
Still further confuting the Ararat belief is the African presumption that Chad, centre of the world, and holy ground, is the indisputable site. It was from the fair hills of Hajer el Hamis, within sight of the Lake Chad of to-day, that Noah and all his beasts stepped forth to re-people the earth. That, in the firm belief of Bantie tribesmen, is why so many animals are found only there—in Africa.

A further hope cherished by one of the expeditions is that it may prove possible to establish whether the Ark was, as is believed, built of gopher wood (botanical: torreya). This hardwood tree is sometimes called the "stinking cedar" because of its strong odour, and probably the whole world could not now produce enough of it to construct a ship even smaller than the Ark. Florida, one of the few countries where it survives, protects it by law.

A further object of search—another Ark, the Ark of the Covenant—is likely to prove even more of a poser. This sanctuary, described in Exodus XXV, sheltered Aaron's rod, a pot of manna, and the book of the Jewish law. It also housed the two stone tablets of the Mosaic law which were handed to

(*Continued on page* 68)

(*Below*) Where the Tigris meets the Euphrates. The generally accepted site of the Garden of Eden



(*On left*) The mountain of Moses—Djebel Musa—showing the steps down the mountainside which Moses descended with the tablets of the Mosaic law

(*Above*) A defile leading to Mount Sinai which Moses ascended to receive the tablets of the Mosaic law

(*On left*) One of the Islands of the Seychelles group—another reputed site of the Garden of Eden

History Returns to the Temple

By Guy Livingston

WHEN Hitler's bombs rained down on London, E.C.4, by a twist of fortune they left Fleet Street almost untouched and created havoc in the Temple, less than a stone's throw away. In a succession of raids, much of this traditionally legal quarter of London, with its cloistered courts and ancient buildings, was reduced to rubble. The loss was grievous, but not as grievous as it might have been. For now, thanks to an enlightened policy of restoration, the most famous of the damaged fabrics are rising, or have risen, from the ruins to resume their historic shape.

Many of the familiar Temple landmarks are, of course, gone beyond repair. Brick Court (where Goldsmith lived), Pump Court, part of Crown Office Row (where Lamb was born), and some of the fine old blocks around the Church like the Master's House and Lamb Building were largely or entirely destroyed. The libraries of the Inner and the Middle Temple were hit and many of their books lost, and of the Inner Temple Hall hardly anything remains. Heavily damaged, too, were those architectural and historic treasures, the Temple Church and the Middle Temple Hall—but these, providentially, have proved possible to make good, and skilled craftsmen are now at work on the Church, while the Hall is completely restored.

Twice before in its history the Middle Temple Hall has narrowly escaped destruction. In 1666 the Great Fire of London stopped just short of it, and it was again nearly burnt down in 1679. Under the greater menace of German bombs it was lucky to escape as lightly as it did, for it was hit five times. Its renowned oak roof and finely-carved renaissance screen were shattered and their repair and re-piecing have been a triumph for expert and careful workmanship. It was fitting that the Hall should have been re-opened earlier this year by the Queen herself, in her capacity as Treasurer of the Middle Temple. And history has already been made in the Hall since then; for soon afterwards the King, as Treasurer of the Inner Temple, presided with the Queen at a joint (*Continued on page* 62)

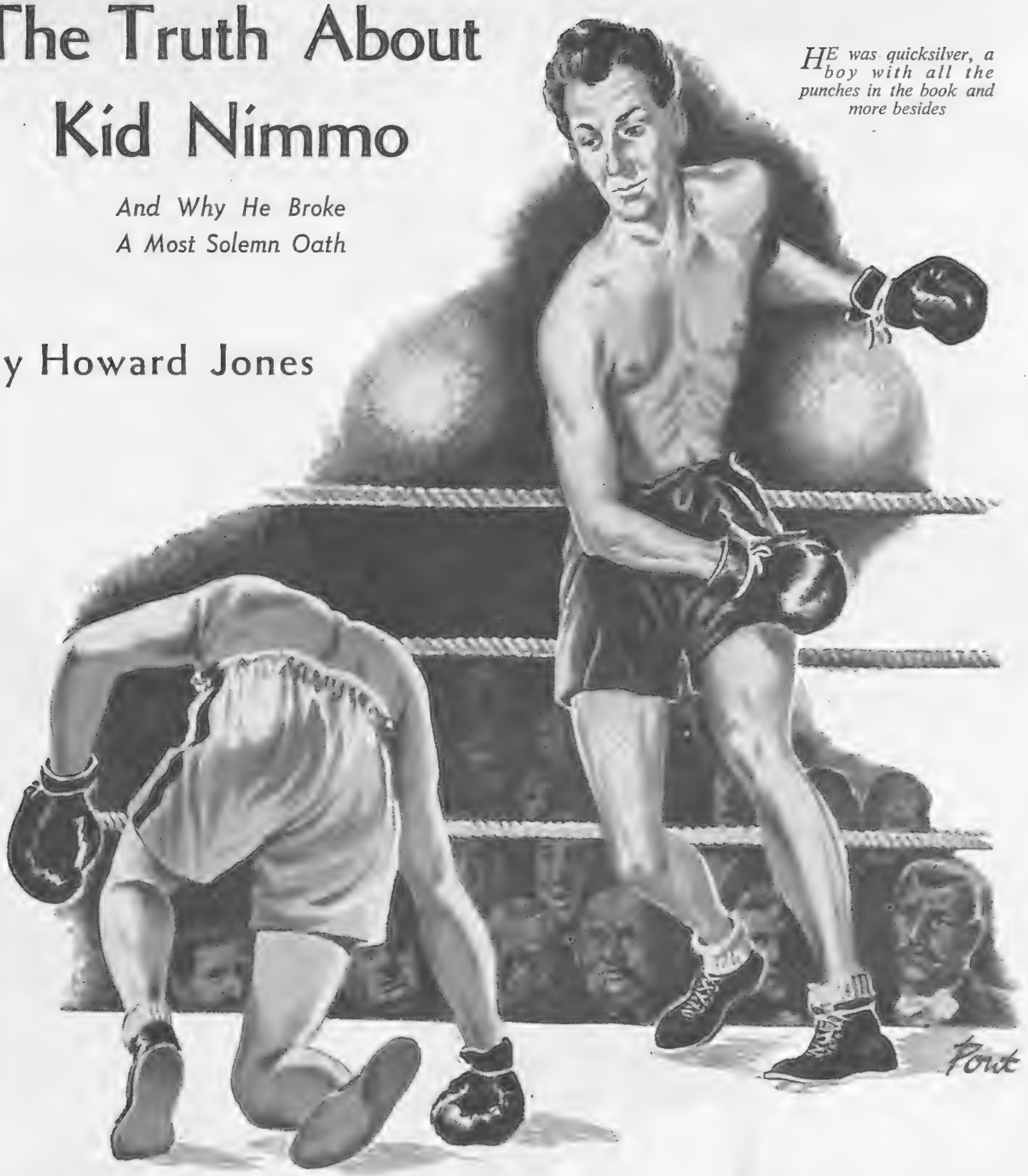
(*At top of page*) The Middle Temple Hall restored to its former beauty. H.M. the Queen, this year's treasurer of the Middle Temple, reopened the hall after the repair of the damage suffered in the war. The Queen is seen addressing the distinguished gathering at the opening ceremony

The Temple Church—the ancient shrine of the Templars and one of the few surviving round churches in England—is in the process of being restored. The brick piers and steel girders are at present holding up the stone groined roof

The Truth About Kid Nimmo

And Why He Broke A Most Solemn Oath

By Howard Jones



HE was quicksilver, a boy with all the punches in the book and more besides

LADIES and gentlemen, I don't suppose you've ever heard of the mystery of Kid Nimmo. Come to that, I don't suppose you even know the name. Kid Nimmo, that was it—the wonder boxer of his age. Not that I ever saw him fight myself, mind you—at least, I never saw him in the ring, you understand. But I've been browsing recently through a sheaf of faded newspaper clippings, and there's much besides I know about him.

Five-one he stood in his socks. He was skinny as a Marenga mule except about the thighs, and he had skin pure white, like paper. He scaled bantam, and you wondered why; and you had to smile when he came into the ring, and stripped off his gown, and exposed the grotesque ridges of his ribs.

But when he started to fight the smile dropped from you. He was quicksilver, a boy with all the punches in the book, and more besides. I shan't try to describe him, I'm not that clever with words—but there were old hands who called the Kid a freak, one of those fighting monstrosities the ring spews up perhaps twice in a generation. Maybe. I wouldn't know. But I can tell you this. It wasn't his feet or his fists that won the Kid his fights. It was the little red devil inside him.

Just that. The little red devil. It slept somewhere deep down in the Kid's guts; and if the Kid was butted or held on the blind side, or had some equally slick trick played on him, this little devil arose and took possession. It seemed to tighten the thin muscles of his shoulders till they were fit to burst, and put dreadful venom into his right arm.

There's no knowing what heights the Kid might have reached if he hadn't met Bob Landas, the up and coming American boy, that time. Bob Landas, the Tiny Tornado—remember? Well, no matter. He knew all the tricks, did Bob—he knew one too many. Kid Nimmo put him down in the fourth round with a right-handed clip the onlookers never saw, it moved that fast.

They took Bob to hospital. There he died thirty-six hours later without regaining consciousness. And Kid Nimmo was never seen in the ring again.

THIS is no tale of brutish pugs and blood and sawdust; but of a strange romance and a wedding at a little mission church a thousand miles out in the blue Pacific. I can personally vouch for the truth of this, and of the strange events which led up to the wedding. As for Kid

Nimmo, that sensitive, impish little genius of the prize-ring—well, forget him if you wish.

THERE'S a missionary out in Tarule by the name of the Reverend Angus Gorden Jackson. His territory is loose and sprawling, on the eastern side of the Barents Archipelago. These are coral islands, and given over mostly to copra, though there are some, like Fengo and Jaloa and Carpenter Island, where the pearl fishers still come. It's a strenuous life for Angus, moving by boat between the islands where his missions are located, but he loves it. He loves the heat in season, and the rains when they come. He loves the natives, to whose improvement he is dedicated. Also he loves a woman, a white woman of the name of Lucy.

He's a funny little chap, pretty nearly bald in his middle-age, with a freckled schoolboy's face, and solemn hazel eyes that are more attractive to men than to women. He dresses always, even in the hot season, in a thick dark suit, and you'll never find him without his dog-collar. The boys in Toni's Bar on Tarule swear he sleeps in that dog-collar; they're always joking amongst themselves about Angus, and really you can't blame them. He's such an earnest, comical little fellow; and with those big eyes and his gentle manner of speech, you somehow get the impression that he's never properly grown up.

One day, Angus put into Carpenter Island, ostensibly to inspect the little wooden church on the hill, and to chat with Solomon, the Kanaka preacher. But his real purpose was to propose to Lucy, who ran the trading store for her blind old dad, Jim Warrender. Angus was forty-seven, and Lucy was twenty-seven—but he loved her. He could not think of her without a quick stirring in his heart; this feeling was something new in him, and in his long journeyings across the seas, it excited and fortified him strangely.

He had never been in love before. The experience stripped twenty years from his life. And though he had breathed no word of this to Lucy—indeed, he had seen her on no more than a dozen occasions — he had long cherished secret, foolish thoughts concerning her.

He could picture her so exactly : the small oval of her face, the wide mouth and limpid brown eyes, the sweep of dark hair that drooped across her forehead. She was like an elf, he thought; a brown, laughing elf, neat, happy, and wonderfully efficient. He pictured her presiding at his table, ordering his servants, arranging his interviews and visits for him in her quiet, methodical way. He pictured her calling him "dear," and even "darling." He even pictured her sleeping at his side, the steady rhythm of her breathing reaching to him through the grey night shadows.

And always, always with this thought his pulse quickened, and he permitted himself the luxury of a smile which exposed a badly fitting set of dentures.

He was in love, and after years of selfless endeavour he felt worthy to be loved. Now he meant to seek out the object of his love, to claim her. He went, first of all, to the mission church and interviewed Solomon, the preacher. This did not take long—and now the rest of the day was his, his and Lucy's. As he descended the hill, the ocean spread before him like a silken sheet, the combers glinting with tinselled sunlight. He could see the fronds of the palms by the waterfront, dark and moving lazily, and hard against them, the bright splashes of bougainvillea. He felt good. It was early still, and the air had a sharpness he relished.

From the shadow of a tree, a husky voice greeted him.

"Up with the larks, eh, Padre?"

Angus stopped, looking up at the speaker with puckered eyes.

"Hallo, Spellman," he replied. "What brings you across to Carpenter Island?"

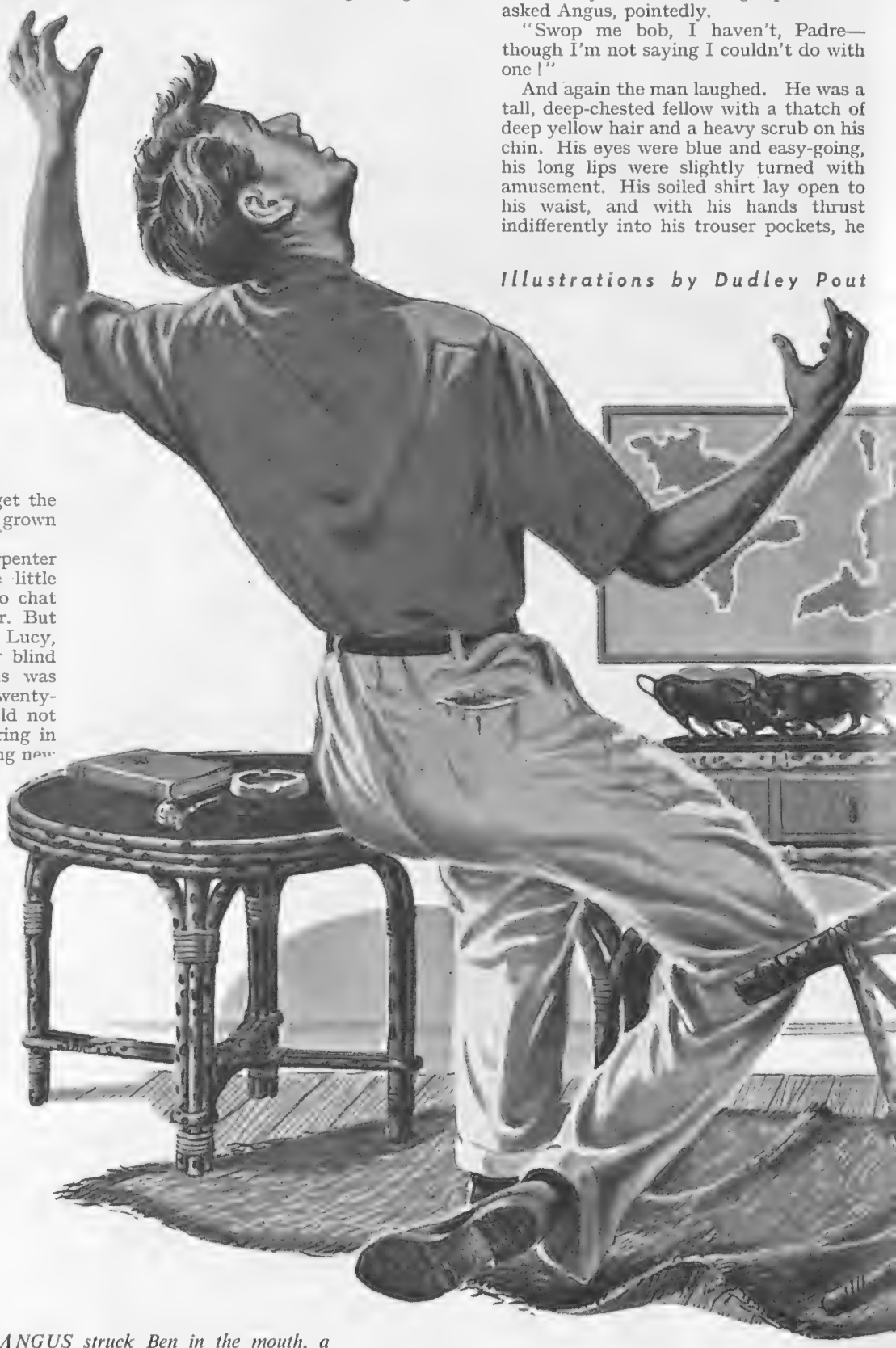
"Might ask *you* that one," laughed the other.

"Have you been drinking, Spellman?" asked Angus, pointedly.

"Swop me bob, I haven't, Padre—though I'm not saying I couldn't do with one!"

And again the man laughed. He was a tall, deep-chested fellow with a thatch of deep yellow hair and a heavy scrub on his chin. His eyes were blue and easy-going, his long lips were slightly turned with amusement. His soiled shirt lay open to his waist, and with his hands thrust indifferently into his trouser pockets, he

Illustrations by Dudley Pout



ANGUS struck Ben in the mouth, a blow so powerful and vicious that Ben staggered back with his arms spread wide

towered hugely over the neat and solemn Angus.

"I've been up to the church," Angus said, with quiet dignity. "Now I shall drop in to see Jim Warrender."

"Shouldn't do that!" grunted Spellman. "Not on your life, I wouldn't! They've been rowing something awful, Lucy and the old man. Take my tip and keep out of it."

"Thank you," said Angus, icily. "I shall go in to see them, all the same."

He nodded curtly and walked on, rubbing at the creases of irritation in his forehead. He had never liked Ben Spellman who was a waster, a drunkard and philanderer—a man who, in his thirty-four years of life, had combed every beach and drunk in every bar between Sestono and Cape Welcome, so it was said. Angus could believe every word of it. Spellman's looks, and his strength, and his deplorable appetite for gin and women—all these combined to make him a menace to the moral welfare of the natives, so Angus believed. He could not help wondering what odd circumstance had brought Spellman from Tarule to Carpenter Island so early in the morning.

Jim Warrender turned sightless eyes to him as he entered the store.

"Who's there?"

"It's me, Angus Jackson. How are you, Jim?"

"So-so," said Jim, slowly filling his pipe, and lapsed to silence.

For a little while Angus talked, whilst Jim smoked and grunted. But it wasn't easy. The old man clearly was in a dyspeptic mood, offering nothing to the conversation, and Angus soon exhausted their topics of mutual interest. He looked hopefully at the door; and presently, he asked abruptly: "Where's Lucy?"

"In the compound, I wouldn't wonder," said Jim

"I'll go and find her," said Angus.

He found her at the bottom of the compound, sitting alone on a cedar bench overlooking the sea. He could not help noticing, as he came up, how very still she sat, with her hands clasped in her lap. He had almost reached her before she turned towards him, greeting him with a quick smile. His heart bounded. She looked so lovely, he thought, with her dark hair stirring in the morning wind, and a pinkness showing through the deep tan of her cheeks.

"How nice of you to come, Angus," she said, politely.

He took her hand, and thrilled to her touch. Then he looked into her eyes and saw, with a sudden sense of shock, that she had been crying.

"What is it, my dear?" he asked.

"Nothing, Angus."

"Come, tell me," he insisted. "Can't I help you?"

She shook her head, and turned away from him. He was still holding her hand, luxuriating in her warmth and nearness. After a few moments, he said: "If you're in trouble, I think I have a better right to help you than anyone else."

"Have you?" she said, without understanding.

"Indeed, yes," he assured her. "Don't you know I love you, Lucy?"

She swung round with a hard little laugh.

"Oh, Angus, don't tease me!"

"Tease you?" he repeated, frowning.

"I know what it is," said Lucy. "You've been talking with Dad, haven't you?"

"Why, yes. He's not in a very sweet temper, I'm afraid."

"He's in a *filthy* temper!" she cried in a sharp burst of feeling. "But I don't care what he or you or any of his friends say! I'm still going to marry Ben Spellman."

In that moment he was conscious only of the intensity of passion in her eyes. It appalled and stunned him. He repeated very slowly, as if speaking to himself: "Ben . . . Ben Spellman. . . . You don't mean it. . . .

(*Continued on page* 65)

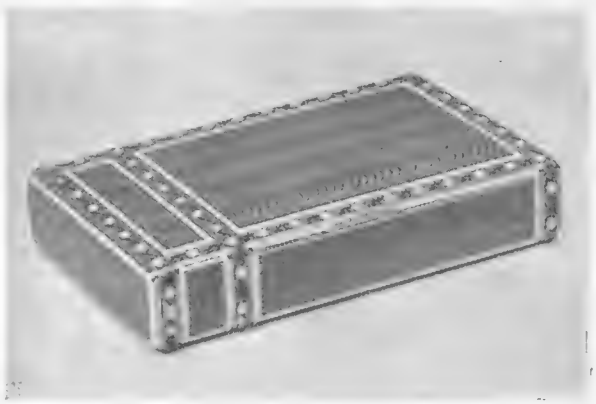
Miniature Grand Piano. Pale translucent enamel on gold. Reproduced actual size

Imperial Russian Easter Egg. In mat opaque mauve enamel this egg is latticed with diamond ribbons. It is surmounted with a large diamond showing the year 1906, when it was presented to the Tsarina Alexandra Feodorovna by the Tsar Nicholas II. Height: 4 inches

The Fabulous Fabergé

PETER CARL FABERGÉ was goldsmith and jeweller to the Russian Imperial Court and "the principal crowned heads in Europe." The finest craftsmen of his day—the reigns of tsars Alexander III and Nicholas II—the Edwardian period, were assembled in Fabergé's workshops and the emphasis was always on craftsmanship rather than on the value of the precious stones they used. Fabergé preferred stones of colour.

The famous Imperial Easter Eggs were far more remarkable for the beauty and imagination of their workmanship than for the actual value of the materials. The story of the eggs makes one of the most fascinating of the chapters in Henry Charles Bainbridge's *Peter Carl Fabergé* (B. T. Batsford, Ltd.). Fabergé approached the Tsar Alexander III in 1883 with the suggestion that he should make an egg with some special surprise in it for the Tsar's next Easter gift to the Tsarina, and the Tsar agreed. This first egg was of gold, enamelled in opaque white to simulate an ordinary hen's egg. Inside was a yolk of gold and, inside the yolk, a chicken made of vari-coloured gold. But there were further surprises to come, for inside the chicken was a model of the Imperial crown and, inside the crown a tiny ruby egg. The Tsar was delighted and a bargain was struck with the great craftsman to supply an egg every Easter. Fabergé was to have a free hand with the single stipulation that each must contain a surprise. So intrigued became the Tsar that, at last, he could not withhold his curiosity as to the nature of the next "surprise." But Fabergé would not divulge his secret and tactfully answered him, "Your Majesty will be content." Each year, during Alexander's reign, one of these fabulous eggs was made and, when Nicholas II came to the throne, the order was increased to two—one for the new Empress and one for the Dowager Empress, his mother. Thus fifty-seven Imperial Easter Eggs were made between 1883 and 1917. On the fateful Easter of 1916, Tsar Nicholas II was at the front and he telegraphed Fabergé to deliver the egg on his behalf to the Tsarina at Tsarskoe-Selo. It was perhaps the (*Continued on page* 62)



Cigarette Case, with place for matches, in translucent steel-blue enamel on gold, bordered with opaque white enamel, translucent green enamel leaves and white opal enamel dots. Rose-diamond thumb-piece

Japanese Dwarf Tree. In mat gold. Tulips opaque white enamel with rose-diamond and gold centres, leaves in nephrite, stalks in gold. *Jardinière* in rhodonite with gold feet on white jade stand. (Height: 4½ inches.) (*Centre*) Cigarette Case in gold and opaque white enamel, bordered with green enamel and rose-diamond leaves. Basket of flowers in rose-diamonds. Diamond thumb-piece. (*Right*) Tea Pot. Painted enamels various colours, on background of opaque white enamel on silver

CYCLONE IN PETTICOATS

LOLA MONTEZ,
Dancer, Adventuress,
Courtesan.

Illustrated by JACK MATTHEW.

Girl-wife of Thomas James, a penniless subaltern, she accompanied him through the Afghan campaign in a palanquin

"CYCLONE" is the only word for the Limerick girl who scandalised Europe a century ago as Spanish dancer Lola Montez. The pace of her life leaves one breathless. Dumas said of her: "She has the evil eye. She will bring bad luck to every man who links his destiny with hers." That eye, with its long lashes, was captivatingly dark, like her hair. She was a stormy beauty, claiming Spanish descent, who boxed ears with impunity, lashed about her with a whip, ruled a king's heart and virtually a kingdom. . . .

Daughter of Ensign Gilbert in India, she was the spoilt pet of the regiment. Girl-wife of Thomas James, a penniless subaltern with whom she eloped, she accompanied him through the Afghan campaign in a palanquin. He was handsome, he drank, and eventually ran off with a fellow-officer's wife. On her way back to England, a Captain Lennox, A.D.C. to Lord Elphinstone, fell crazily in love with her. At the end of the year she was supposedly divorced. "Runaway matches," she reflected, "are like runaway horses—sure to end in a smash-up. Better hang or drown yourself before you start." All this by the time she was into her early twenties . . .

June, 1843. Stranded in London, the Gilbert girl danced on to the stage of His Majesty's for the first time as "Donna Lola Montez." Had not her mother been Lola Oliver, a beautiful Creole dancer—though the daughter liked to believe she had come from a noble Spanish family with a castle? Lord Ranelagh, the theatre's patron, had been told mysteriously by the manager: "I have a surprise. You shall see." Now, with his claque, he watched from the boxes. Could she dance? She was certainly lovely. Then his claque began to hiss. He exclaimed loudly: "Why, it's *Betty James*!" After that the night was lost, though the *Era* did say she enchanted everyone, enthusing, "As in a dream, an Elssler or a Taglioni descends from the clouds."

Lola wept when the manager refused to allow her to reappear. Ranelagh, presumably, had met her previously, received a rebuff—possibly a cuff—and was furious. Off she went to Brussels—the handiest refuge for a thwarted temperamental artist—and there met a German who accompanied her to Warsaw, where again she was hissed by a claque. But this time she wasn't taking it lying down. With flashing eyes, she advanced to the footlights and told the audience *why*.

Prince Paskievitch, Poland's despot, had offered her himself, a title, riches. He was sixty, stunted, cruel, conceited, boorish. She had laughed and turned him down. He had set the opera director and Chief of Police against her. This was his revenge—on a helpless woman. The audience, won over, rose to a man. There was uproar. Out went the claque on its ear, somewhat battered. Lola was escorted home in triumph. Warsaw at the time was seething politically. The incident all but fired a revolution.

When Lola heard that she was to be arrested she barricaded her door and awaited the police, pistol in hand, vowing to shoot the first man who broke in. Unable to decide who should be shot first, they discreetly retired, and the French Consul, chivalrously claiming her as a French subject, saved her from prison. But she had to quit Warsaw.

Drama followed her wherever she went. At a Berlin review held by King Frederick William in the Czar's honour, her horse bolted into the Royal enclosure. A police officer grabbed its head, rated her and ordered her out. She slashed him with her whip: the customary Lola *riposte*.

IN Dresden and the gay Paris of Louis-Philippe, the romantic, idolised Liszt was her adorer; then the journalist Dujarrier, killed in a pistol duel with a rival. When they carried him home she flung herself on her poor, dead lover, smothered his ashen face with kisses and, veiled in mourning, attended the court, a tragic Queen. On the 20,000 francs he left her,

At Warsaw Prince Paskievitch set the opera director and the Chief of Police against her and she was hissed by a claque. But she won the audience over, which rose to a man. There was an uproar, and out went the claque on its ear

plus some shares, she toured Germany, and so came to Munich and the peak of all adventure.

Did Louis I., Bavaria's fantastic ruler, first see her dance there and covet her for his gallery of lovely ladies, whose portraits moved him to poetry, or did she seek him? One story is that when the director of the Court Theatre refused to engage her she resolved to see the King with the help of his aide, Count Rechberg, and while he was hesitating, demanding, "Am I compelled to see every strolling dancer?", she just opened the ante-chamber door and walked in.

Fatefully they stood gazing at each other, while the aide discreetly withdrew. In the subsequent talk, which was with eyes as much as lips, he complimented her on her beauty, but questioned if her figure was quite as enchanting. Whereupon she opened her corsage, that his Majesty might no longer be in doubt. That, too, was the Lola *riposte*. She was nothing if not direct: instinctively a Spanish-Irish barbarian, hot-blooded if cool-headed.

Soon he was confessing "I am bewitched," and presenting her at Court as "My best friend." She became the great lady, and such a liberalising influence in State affairs that the Jesuits, who at first tolerated her as a palace diversion, turned against her, and Metternich, the Austrian Minister, deemed it expedient to offer her a handsome income if she would quit Bavaria.

THE rage of critics of the régime she met with scorn. Minister of the Interior von Abel presented a petition to Louis protesting against her influence, quoting attacks in the Press, pleading that men like the Bishop of Augsburg daily shed bitter tears at what was happening—a state of affairs that threatened to destroy the "fair name, power, respect and future happiness of a beloved King." And sent a copy to the Press.

Lola lost no time. He was given twenty-four hours to reconsider, then dismissed from office; and with him went a Cabinet which was compelled to resign. Lola was made Countess of Landsfeld, Baroness Rosenthal, given a 20,000 crowns annuity, a palatial new house. The European Press, including our own *Times*, had much to say of the affair.

A Jesuit professor of the University was also dismissed when he delivered an address sympathising with von Abel. The students massed before his house to cheer him, then besieged Lola's in the same street. Did she shrink in fear? Not at all. She displayed herself at a window, toasting them mockingly with a glass of champagne, placidly munching chocolates. Stones were thrown, an attempt was made to rush the door. And *incognito* at the edge of the crowd stood Louis, watching the fun. Then he ordered up mounted police, and later cavalry, with drawn sabres, to clear the street. Lola was given a red-capped student-officer bodyguard called *Allemania*, in rivalry with the University Corps.

In the '48 Revolution crowds headed by the students' Corps again marched on her house, crying "Death to Lola!" and swept the hated Alleman guard aside until but four remained. With these she strode out, brandishing her whip, forcing her way through the mob, and when these four were overcome, sought refuge in the Church of the Theatines, where a priest came to her aid.

Another time, when an Alleman was arrested in a pistol-and-dagger battle with the rival Corps, she went single-handed to demand that he be freed, and was so mobbed, hustled and jeered at that Louis, hearing of the riot, rushed from the Palace to rescue her and lead her to safety. As he hurried her through the door she turned and fired at the mob by way of a final gesture, woman's right to the last word—and bullet.

"Rather would I lose my crown," said Louis, when Ministers and people clamoured for her banishment. But he changed his mind about that, issued a decree declaring that she had "ceased to possess the rights of naturalisation in Bavaria," and sent police to arrest her and take her to a fortress. She was ready for that, too. Locking in her three remaining Allemans to save them the trouble of fighting for her, she thrust her way through the crowd to the station, where the three guards—who had jumped out of the window—joined her. Then the mob looted her

When the students besieged Lola she displayed herself at a window and mockingly toasted them with a glass of champagne

house, with Louis again looking on *incognito*—until a looter recognised him and banged him over the head with one of her precious mirrors, stunning him.

But even this was not the end. Disguised in boy's clothes, she stole back to Louis, who told her: "You must submit yourself to an exorcist. You are possessed of a devil!" So with her three Allemans she went to one Justin Kerner, who treated her with mesmerism and magic and a slimming diet of raspberry water and wafers which made her as thin as a shadow. Finally, what was left of her departed for Switzerland; Louis abdicated and was expelled from his beloved city.

The following year in England this ex-mistress of a King married—who? Cornet George Heald, of the Life Guards, whose family thereupon charged her with bigamy, though the suit was dropped. They fled to Spain, where it is said she bore him two sons. Then he was drowned at Lisbon.

The rest of the incredible travelogue? In New York, dancing. In New Orleans, down with a fever. In California, strutting about as a man, booted and spurred and with riding-whip. In Ballarat, Australia, among the gold-seekers. In Ireland, a Calvinist repentant, wondrously changed of heart, saying "What I loved before, now I hate." At forty-three, in '61, in New York . . . *curtain.*

Crazy? Headstrong? A cyclone in petticoats? Maybe. But what zest for living and loving, what indomitable *courage*!

END.

The Tidal Telegraph

By Frank Illingworth

A MESSAGE found in a bottle washed up on a San Francisco beach recently contained what is thought to be the last testament of Mrs. Daisy Alexander, the Singer sewing-machine heiress who died in 1939 leaving three million pounds. Under a will dated 1909 interest on her fortune was divided between three relatives. But it was thought Mrs. Alexander left a later will, and the forty years during which solicitors have searched for it culminated last year in the use of mine detectors to probe the walls of her house in Grosvenor Square for a hidden safe. And then a waiter named Jack Wurm kicked a bottle protruding from the golden sands of San Francisco. Idly he picked it up and equally idly extracted a piece of paper from its narrow neck. And thereon he read the following: "To avoid all confusion I leave my entire estate to the lucky person who finds this bottle and to my attorney, Barry Cohen, share and share alike." The message was dated June 20, 1937, and it is said to bear the signature of the dead millionairess.

Many and frequent are the dramas washed up by the waves.

November, 1943, saw the steamer *Saxilby*, bound from New Zealand to Port Talbot, South Wales, founder with all hands in a gale 400 miles off the west coast of Ireland. On April 23, 1946, "because it sounded different to the other tins I'd kicked that

(*Continued on page* 68)

I tell you the story. I lay bare my heart because to-day I saw her again. Here in Monte Carlo I met her face to face

Poetic

PETER VELLAMY contemplated the passing crowd from a chair outside the Café de Paris in Monte Carlo. He was at peace with the world and mildly amused by the very sophisticated section of it he could see as he sipped his drink. But that morning—perfect as it was—he was lonely: the poet, indeed, could hardly have chosen a more propitious moment.

His appearance was apparently intended to advertise the fact that he was an artist of some kind, but it also showed that he was not a particularly successful one. The large, soft, black hat and the large black tie were both soiled; the velvet coat had seen far better days. But his beard was neat, and his dark limpid eyes spoke of Italian blood.

He looked Peter up and down as he passed and after a minute or so turned back and made his way to his table: "Pardon," he said, and although there were vacant tables nearby, sat down.

"Monsieur is English, yes?" he asked with a disarming and almost childlike casualness.

"No, Australian," said Peter. "Not that it matters."

"I desire to drink," said the stranger, "but I have no money."

"Pity," said Peter and beckoned to a waiter. The stranger's impudence pleased him.

"I am a poet," the other announced a little arrogantly.

"Good for you," said Peter. "I'm an accountant. What'll you drink?"

"Vermouth-Cassis . . . if you will be so good."

"You speak very good English."

"Monsieur is kind. You must think I'm rather a cool customer," the poet went on with a sudden smile. "But a few minutes ago I received . . . a shock. I can do with this," he added as the waiter placed his drink in front of him. "Monsieur . . . your health."

"Cheers!" said Peter.

The poet replaced his empty glass on the table.

"You find that stuff good for shock?" Peter asked.

"Monsieur is pleased to be facetious. But this morning I met the only woman in the world."

"I've done that, too . . . several times," said Peter, who was beginning to like the poet.

"I met her by the little harbour down the hill. I met her face to face . . . and she did not know me."

"Bad luck."

"You would perhaps care to hear the story? It is at once the romance and tragedy of a poet."

"There's not much *in* poetry, is there?" asked Peter, for he was that kind of man although of a kindly disposition.

The poet, in spite of his fluent English, apparently did not gather the import of Peter's remark.

"I am Jacques Lenoir . . . I see you do not recognize the name. No matter. But there was a time——"

"Have another drink?" suggested Peter.

"Alcohol is all that is left," the poet said sadly as the hovering waiter replenished his glass.

There was a silence, broken by the poet: "After two years I saw her this morning. It was in Paris I met her . . . Paris. . . ."

He was looking ahead as if into the remote distance.

"I've been there several times," said Peter. "Not a bad sort of place."

"It is the only city in the world, monsieur," the poet said simply.

"And there you met the only woman . . . very singular," said Peter. "You've never been to Sydney, I suppose?"

"No, monsieur. She was . . . adorable. She was also a great lady. And beautiful as the dawn. I was a poet and I loved her as any poet—as any man with a sense of beauty—would. It was in Dubost's studio we met. Lulu Dubost . . . monsieur has heard of Lulu Dubost?"

Peter shook his head.

"Fame is capricious and fleeting beyond a doubt. At the time, his studio was one of the focal points in the world of art. And there I was presented to her.

"Did I say she was a splendid lady, with a great name? She was beautiful as the night, beautiful as a dream. A dream . . . as I gazed upon her calm brow, so exquisitely pencilled, so perfect, my heart was as water."

"This was the first time you'd met her?" Peter asked.

Licence

By

Holloway Horn

The poet nodded: "Her aunt was with her . . . how do you say? A duenna? But a wise, intelligent old lady and I was able to talk alone with her. Not that I said a great deal. She was not made to be talked to, that lovely lady, but to be loved."

"That's true of quite a lot of them," said Peter, but the poet was not to be side-tracked.

"In my pocket," he went on, "I had a book of verse . . . my verse. And I gave it to her. One of them I read to her—at that moment, in that crowded studio, she and I were utterly alone. She was enchanted. But to me she gave something infinitely more precious than a mere book of verse. Deep down in her soul, distant and unattainable as a star, I had found the source of all poetry."

"That was a bit of luck,' said Peter.

The poet glanced at him from under the rim of his limp hat.

But she was not able to talk to me for long (*Continued on page 70*)

I kissed her hand at the parting. A hand that Michelangelo might have modelled

Town Hall Government

By Warren Armstrong

IN Liverpool Cathedral's Lady Chapel a window commemorates famous women . . . Queen Victoria, Grace Darling, and, with others, Kitty Wilkinson—of whom a pseudo-Merseyside B.B.C. comedian might well say, "Never 'eard of 'er; they don't tell nobody nothin' these days!"

True enough. Even Liverpudlians know very little of the real story of a far-sighted, infinitely soft-hearted former little Irish orphan girl who was destined to become "Catharine of Liverpool" *because she invited neighbours into her kitchen to do their washing.* And the cathedral scroll which gives meagre facts of that epic occasion is not so much a tribute to the woman as it is the public acknowledgment to Britain's most ancient form of ordered administration which, for want of a better name, we know as town hall government. . . .

We could find parallels in most other cities, and in many a rural community, throughout the country, each a miniature epic of its kind, and each serving to illustrate one of the greatest political changes, yet one of the most silent, in the century between 1849-1949; in Whitehall circles they call it decentralized government . . . to us, the taxpayers —because we fail so often to scratch the surface and discover those epics—often as not it boils down to dry-as-dust Minutes of Proceedings which, with typical British apathy, we elect to ignore. More particularly at election times.

Already overcrowded to suffocation-point, writhing in the throes of the worst cholera epidemic known in Britain, the Liverpool of Kitty Wilkinson's day became the converging point of more than 300,000 destitute Irish, fleeing from the great Potato Famine; they crowded into lodging-houses, spilled over into water-ridden cellars, lightless, airless places with no water other than the stagnant pools on earthen floors. And because of the Wilkinson tap—the only source of running water over a wide area of suffering Merseyside—local administration (*Continued on page* 72)

STANDING at the window he watched the servant deliver the letter to his wife at the end of the brilliantly coloured garden

White Coffee

Maria's Carefully Guarded Secret Was Nearly Her Undoing

By John Cordeaux

THE *Times of India* lay neatly folded on the desk; and the personal mail had been placed on a silver tray, near the telephone. It was the bell's insistent ringing that brought General Powell into his study from breakfast. Sitting before lifting the receiver, he held a slim gold pencil above his scribbling-pad. But the call was private, of no importance, and he drew little geometrical patterns in the corner of a page as he spoke.

It was eight-thirty, and already hot. The blinds in the study were half drawn; and the french windows behind the oak desk chair were wide open. Glancing through the morning's letters, the General discarded all except the one from home. Reading it, he smiled faintly. He thought: Eventually, John would learn to spell. At present at Wellington, John would, like his father, be a soldier one day. Studying the closely written pages, the hard lines of the General's face softened. So, he had already played for the first eleven. But then, the Powells were a cricketing family. He himself once played for the Army at Lord's. Still, at sixteen, he was proud of the boy. Forget his spelling.

A senior Indian Army officer, General Powell was to pattern. Because he was efficient, and certainly due to his wife, promotion had been rapid for him and his success assured. At fifty-six he held an important command, and lived comfortably outside Delhi. In contrast to recent trends, the General had always kept Indian officers on his staff at a minimum; and in this he had been honest with himself. He liked to work with Englishmen and he considered their reliability, their efficiency superior to that of Indians. There were no Anglo-Indians on his staff. On the other hand, away from the job, several prominent Indian citizens were his personal friends; and when Dominion status was granted, this had resulted in the General being asked to remain in an advisory capacity to the new Army. He had stayed because he recognized an Englishman had still allegiance, a duty to his Empire, crumbling though it might be.

The letter folded, the General returned it to its envelope and

rang for a servant. Standing at the window, he watched him take it to his wife at the end of the brilliantly coloured garden. Maria was picking flowers for to-night's dinner-table at which they were entertaining, amongst others, the new Military Secretary. It was the kind of entertaining to which the General sometimes looked forward. Although the guests would be Indian, the conversation and the food would be English; and the dinner would conclude, of course, with the customary toast to the King. Always, but more so recently, he welcomed opportunities of showing off his English preferences and his English way of life.

Seeing her in the garden reading their son's letter, the General acknowledged what an asset Maria had been to his Service career. She was younger considerably than he, by twenty years; and she might still be the graceful girl of nineteen he had married in England. When he was at Staff College they had first met; at a time when he had had few real friends. And she, drawing him out, had first encouraged him to talk about himself; about his ambitions and about his future. After their marriage, there had always been Maria to compensate for the charm and ease he lacked himself. Maria always there, to see he didn't put his clumsy great feet in it. Frowning at the sun and approving her slim figure against its background of vivid flowers the General admitted that without her he could so well have been a failure.

Although, Maria hadn't always been right. For instance, she had been dead-set against India; and soon after their marriage, she had tried to persuade him to transfer to a Home unit. This, as a matter of fact, would have been almost impossible. But in any case the Powells, and for that matter her family, had always been closely connected with the Indian Army. His father and uncle, and her own father had all done their soldiering here. He had thought perhaps she might dislike the climate; but John and she had both stood up to it as well as anyone. In fact, they felt the heat less than he did himself.

NINE o'clock.... His car would be at the door. Passing through the french windows the General walked down the garden to meet his wife, now on her way back to the house; taking the basket of flowers from her, together they made their way to the front. "You'll be late, my dear," Maria said, on seeing the car. And while her husband went indoors to fetch his cap and stick, she sat on a garden seat waiting for him.

Adoring Frank herself, she was glad he depended on her so much. But at times she loved passionately and he often seemed embarrassed, exhausted by her demands on him. Recently she had learnt to modify them, though she still was quite a young woman. But just lately the difference in their ages had never seemed greater.

Half closing her eyes at the brilliance of sunshine on the bonnet of the car, she watched the Indian chauffeur in his spotless khaki drill polishing the windscreen. As Frank came down the steps, the man whipped the cover off the silk pennant on the radiator and hurried smartly to the rear door. Rising, Maria walked over and laid her fingers gently on Frank's tunic.

"It's good news about the first eleven, darling, isn't it?" she said. For the sake of her menfolk, she tried to be interested in cricket. Now, she smiled to see his pleasure. Frank grunted.

"I always knew the boy had it in him." He met her glance before adding: "Perhaps we shall see him play at Lord's before long."

For her he had spoken the afterthought. Maria knew, though, how the idea of returning to England and retirement distressed him. Ah, but if only he realized how much she disliked; how much she hated India. Pressing her arm, for he never kissed her in public, Frank entered the car.

As it slid away, the white dust rose and Maria walked slowly up the steps and into the house. Life in India was no effort, with as many servants as she chose to engage, every domestic comfort was hers. But how she hated the intense heat; hated the country, so parched and barren. Above all, how she disliked the people. Her own dislike of the Indians was different to the slightly patronizing indifference Frank showed towards some of his officers. Hers was a fundamental emotion and more bitter; and she had been at pains to conceal it from her husband.

Generally, Maria spent the mornings reading and writing letters. To-day she would write to John. In the study she picked up his framed photograph on Frank's desk and stared at it. He had his father's profile. But he had her own pale skin; her dark hair; her own deep-set brown eyes. Critically, in the sunlight, she regarded the photograph and marvelled once again that her husband had suspected nothing. Originally, she had not intended to have children: in India especially. But there was once, over their personal relationships, when Frank had been insistent.

Maria raised her eyes, looking out at the vividness of the garden. Its angry green, the violent colours of its flowers made her thankful she had borne no more children in this terrible country. The risk would have been too great; for Frank's

Illustrations by
Steven Spurrier, A.R.A.

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Heads, You're Right!

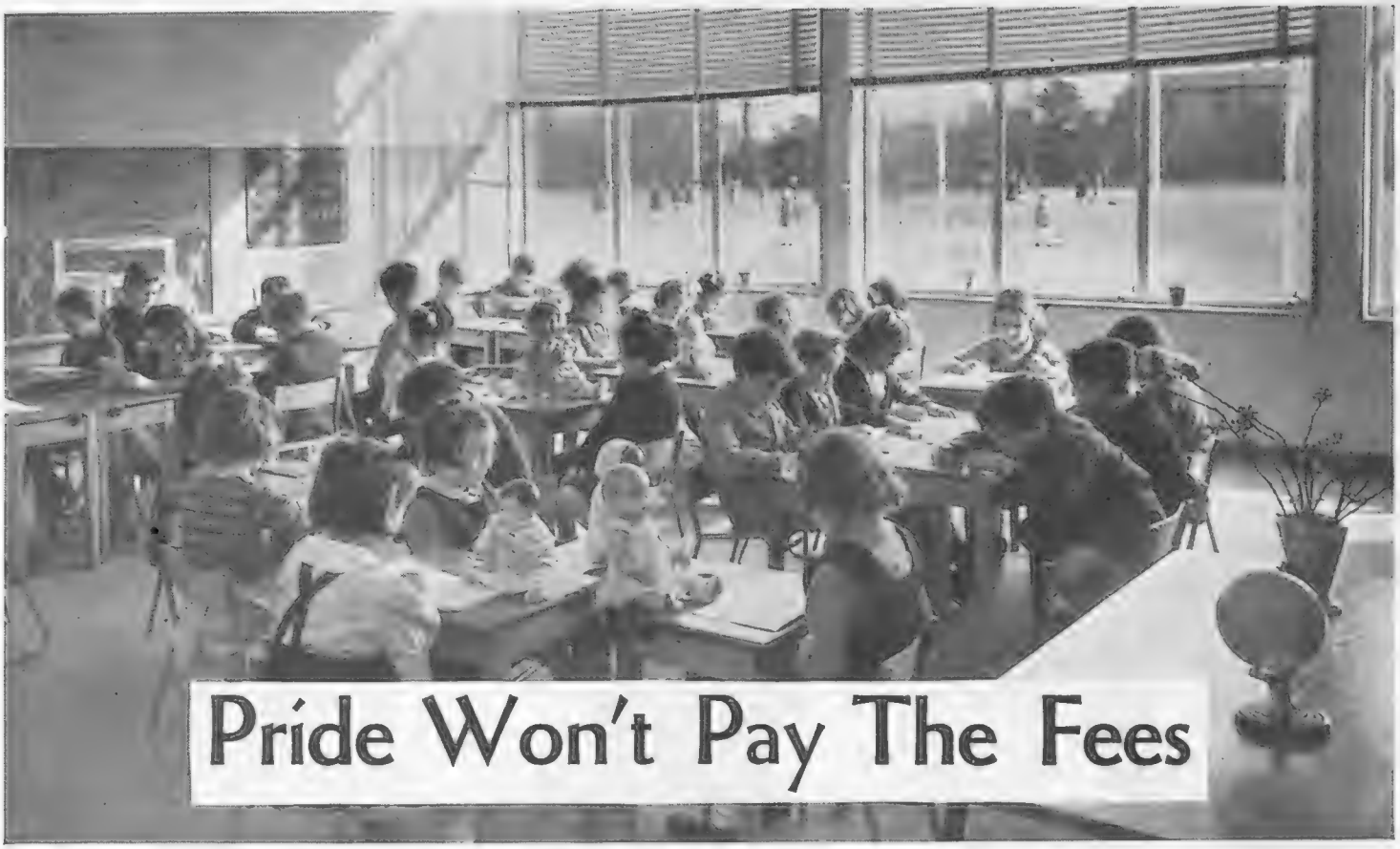
THE Big collars of this season call for small heads which fit cosily into the frame which they provide. The call is for small brimless hats and short hair which lies neatly beneath a fitting hat without conflicting with the collar.

HERE are styles for three types of faces, in each case, with a hat best suited to both.

Top left: A younger style by Raymond is brushed smoothly back from the temples and swept up into soft short ends from the nape of the neck. The cap fitting smoothly over the ears shows a wing of hair on the temples.

Centre: For the longer face and neck, a smooth crown developes into a fringed halo of soft short curls all round. A quilled beret adds width and gives a softening frame of curls to the face.

Right: Steiner's asymmetrical short style for the maturer face. A draped cap worn slightly back from the forehead has a cascade feather at one side to soften the outline.



Pride Won't Pay The Fees

Infants' classroom at Cheshunt Primary School, Hertfordshire designed by C. H. Aslin

THE current cost of education is probably one of the most pressing financial problems facing the middle class parent to-day. Private school fees grow increasingly more formidable, in many cases beyond the utmost sacrifice, yet many parents, understandably, hesitate to adopt the alternative of the Council school. Tradition dies hard.

I made my own decision, between free and private education for my two children with much heartburning, two years ago. The final choice went to the less costly way and I feel that the result, so far, of that decision may be of interest to others in a similar plight.

As we reasoned it, the cost of sending our boy and girl, aged six and seven, to a local private school would be one hundred a year. They would have to compete in appearance, equipment and pocket money with children of wealthier parents than we are. We are convinced that this kind of competition does not make for stability or self confidence in the very young. Moreover, we wanted them to enjoy some of life's finer trimmings while they were young. Swimming, dancing, music lessons, foreign travel all came into our calculations for them and it was obvious that these were out of the question if we were to meet quarterly school bills.

So far as the social aspects were concerned we told ourselves that, in the long run and in an uncertain world, they might acquire the essential adaptability which enables human beings to rub along with the many rather than with the few.

As a result of preliminary inquiries, I was reassured as to the standards of present Council school education, but in spite of careful reasoning I was still fearful. Was I throwing my children to the wolves?

I took the chance and now, when they are beginning their third year at school after two months' holiday in Norway I am convinced that, on balance, it was a good decision.

IF you want your child to be a Christopher Robin, don't send him to a Council school. He will grow up very quickly in the rough and tumble of such mixed society.

After the first month, both my children had settled in and learned to adapt themselves. I had some bad moments when my boy was adjusting himself to some rather tough characters whose main preoccupation seemed to be to live by commando standards. But he emerged very quickly with an ability to stand up for himself and to remain popular without becoming a ruffian.

Lack of space and help at home means that many of his classmates have to look after children younger and more defenceless than themselves. His school friends have younger brothers who tag along everywhere. They are sentimentally referred to as "the nippers" and are a great responsibility. When his independent younger sister will let him, Andrew likes to look after her in the same way.

School friends presented another problem which I had to face with courage. I viewed their early choice of friends with some dismay, but did nothing actively to discourage them, trusting them to find their own level in time. They did. The novelty appeal of the flashy types soon passed, leaving them with sound—sometimes bitter experience. Both now have a very real appreciation of the simple, everyday virtues and instinctively choose nice children for companionship at school.

We do have occasional differences of opinions, particularly on the question of bedtimes. Many of their friends are allowed to stay up late. This daily tussle, however, has its good side for from visiting their friends they know how lucky they are to have a room of their own and don't say: "Why haven't we got a car?"

I have left the question of education till the last for it is the social aspect of elementary school life rather than educational standards which seem to concern parents most. My two know their three R's as thoroughly, perhaps even more, than their private school friends. They are enthusiastic for the examination which they will take (*Continued on page 62*)

Primary School erected since the war for the Hertfordshire County Council and designed by Howard Lobb, F.R.I.B.A.

Bookshelves, well balanced in relation to the architectural proportions of which they become a part, make a well-lit reading corner a decorative asset in this sitting-room.

Bookworm's Retreat

A NEW vista opens for the bookworm now that the relaxation of paper restrictions puts an increasing variety of reading matter on the booksellers' shelves.

As if in response, furniture-makers are once more and for the first time in years putting out bookcases worthy to meet the demands of rapidly-growing private book collections.

The unit bookcase, which grows in stages and which proved its merits in years past, is back again in new and varied forms. The example illustrated at the foot of the page typifies the combined unit piece which adds the æsthetic qualities of good furniture design to more functional purposes.

A collection of favourite books can be a decorative asset to a room as well as a source of intellectual pleasure. Bookshelves should be more than mere planks fixed to the wall. They should be as well balanced in relation to the room's architectural proportions as with the furniture to which they provide a decorative background.

In both rooms photographed at the top and on the right of this page bookshelves have been designed as integral features of the furnishing scheme. Both instances show a pleasing combination of the practical and the decorative carried out at a moderate cost.

Designed for a small town flat where wall-space is strictly limited. A fireplace surround and bookshelves combine as a one-piece unit.

On left : Minty's latest unit design incorporates a desk and cupboard. The shelves are glass-fronted and a single unit can be added at will and to any extent permitted by available space.

Though The Cottage May Be Small

Some examples of the small houses of England which exemplify the theory that limited dimensions are not incompatible with dignity and charm.

IN the heat of the discussions which have raged around other and more urgent aspects of English building programmes, the appearance of the promised houses of this land have had very little mention.

At this stage one thing alone is certain: this is, that the house of the future will be small. In recent years the little house has, by its association with the jerry-builder, acquired a stigma not always deserved. The cottage homes of our English tradition still enjoy an international fame based upon qualities which have no connection with

A four-roomed thatched cottage built a few years before the war on the Dutch principle has two circular main rooms built around a central chimney, with a small entrance and a bathroom on one side.

Above: A modernised example of the small terrace house of the Regency which retains the essential grace so typical of this architectural period.

On right: A significant example of the post-war terrace house which is part of a Ministry of Health project of 1947.

A typical English cottage that retains the traditional charm of thatch and half-timbering without sacrifice to modern standards of comfort.

their size, and in the latter years before the war, architects were producing many very creditable designs in miniature.

This collection of small houses of past and recent growth provide an interesting commentary on the theory that limitations of space are not incompatible with dignity and beauty. Progressing from the half-timbered cottage, "two up and two down," to the bijou terrace house of the more expansive Regency era and so onwards to the little house of modern construction, both detached and otherwise, we have ample justification for the hope that when the future brings us houses in plenty from which to choose, the cottage may be small but it can still be called the Englishman's castle.

The steeply-pitched roof with gabled and latticed windows gives a traditional character to a small house of recent erection in which every practical modern amenity is included.

A pleasing example of streamlining in architecture. A pre-war bungalow built on the outskirts of London.

Below: An eighteenth-century country house has the spacious proportions at which the architects of the period so excelled in their designs for the small home.

A Square Neck And Ruching

MATERIALS : 6 ozs. Templeton's 3-ply "Ayrella" Fingering ; 1 pair each of Nos. 12, 9 and 7 knitting needles ; No. 12 crochet hook.

MEASUREMENTS : From top of shoulder to lower edge, 21 ins. ; across back and front underarms, 17 ins. ; underarm of sleeve, 5 ins.

TENSION : 13 sts. to 2 ins.

With No. 12 needles cast on 110 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1. Rib for 3 ins. Continue in k. 1, p. 1, decreasing one st. each end of every fourth row until 100 sts. Work ½ in. Change to No. 9 needles, then inc. each end of every fourth row until 110 sts. and work measures 7 ins. from the cast-on edge. Change to **No. 12 needles. *Rib one row only*, increasing one st. in every st. (220 sts.). Change to No. 7 needles.

Next row.—Knit.

Next row.—Purl.

Repeat the last two rows 5 times (12 rows in all). Change to No. 12 needles.

Next row.—K. 2 tog. all along the row (110 sts. again).

Change to No. 9 needles.** Continue in k. 1, p. 1, rib, increasing one st. each end of the next and every sixth row until 120 sts. and work measures 12 ins. from the cast-on edge. Now repeat from ** to ** (only on increase row you will have 240 sts. instead of 220 sts.).

Continue now on No. 9 needles and ribbing until work measures 14 ins. from the cast-on edge (4 rows of ribbing after last ruching). (*Continued on page 78*)

ABBREVIATIONS.

K. = knit ; p. = purl ; sts. = stitches ; beg. = beginning ; inc. = increase ; dec. = decrease ; tog. = together.

Two-Colour Fair Isle

MATERIALS : 7 ozs. grey and 1¾ ozs. pink, Templeton's 3-ply "Ayrbeam" Super-Scotch Fingering ; 1 pair each of No. 12 and No. 9 knitting needles ; 4 buttons ; 1 medium crochet hook.

MEASUREMENTS : From top of shoulder to lower edge, 21 ins. ; across front underarms, 17 ins. ; across back underarms, 16 ins. ; sleeve inside seam, 17½ ins.

TENSION : 8 sts. to 1 in.

THE FRONT

With No. 12 needles and grey wool cast on 100 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 4 ins. On the *last* row only k. twice into the first 4 sts., then in every fifth st. to the last 6 sts. K. twice into the last 4 sts. (126 sts.).

Now continue as follows : change to No. 9 needles and work **2 ins. stocking st. (1 row k., 1 row p.). Join on pink wool with a k. row.

Next row.—P. Join on grey wool with a k. row.

Next row.—P. Now work six rows Fair Isle as follows :

1st row.—*K. 1 pink, 5 grey. Repeat to end of row.

2nd row.—P. 1 pink, *3 grey, 1 pink, 1 grey, 1 pink*. Repeat from * to *, last st. 1 grey.

3rd row.—K. 2 grey, *1 pink, 1 grey, 1 pink, 3 grey, 1 pink.* Repeat from * to *, last 3 sts. 1 grey, 1 pink, 1 grey.

4th row.—*P. 5 grey, 1 pink. Repeat from * to end of row.

5th row.—K. 2 pink, *3 grey, 3 pink. Repeat to last four sts., k. 3 grey, 1 pink.

6th row.—P. 5 grey, 1 pink to (*Continued on page 78*)

To Bed In Wool

Any similarity between this cosy bedwear and your grandmother's flannel nightdress is entirely accidental. The most important, and the most exciting news about modern woollen fabrics is that they can be glamorous *and* warm. These pretty night-things are proof enough. Nightgowns are cosy and gay with frills, pyjamas are cut for comfort and charm, and in some cases the top is pretty enough to wear as a daytime sweater. Reading from left to right there is a nightdress in pink jersey with a frilled yoke, full wrist-length sleeves and a corselet waist. Two sets of pyjamas are again in pink jersey, one with a patterned jumper top worn with plain trousers and another jumper-top style with ribbing and a draw-string waist. The jersey nightdress below, bishop sleeves and a cummerbund waist; and to top off there is the featherlight dressing-gown in parma-violet wool, with a large patch pocket and a tie waistband.

Further details of the garments illustrated, their prices and where they can be bought can be sent to you on receipt of a stamped, addressed envelope to The Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

Quiet,

pictures

wallpaper

upholstery

castors

carpets

IN an age of stress, noise is a factor which adds incalculable strain to living. In the home, to which we inevitably look for a retreat from mental and physical fatigue, quiet is a blessing which cannot be overrated, though the average dwelling, especially of more recent structure, is far from being the " well of quiet " which tranquillity requires.

While complete soundproofing in the home is more often than not impracticable, there are measures of damping-down noise, some of them simple and even obvious because we tend to overlook the cumulative effect of trifling noises in the hubbub of the more clamorous and less easily disciplined kind.

The sounds which shatter the peace of the house and the nerves of everyone in it are not necessarily the loud ones, but those which are irritating either because of their pitch or their irregularity. The teeth-gritting squeal of an unoiled carpet-sweeper and the maddening drip of a tap are many times more telling than the sustained but familiar roar of traffic.

The nature of noise itself makes soundproofing a formidable task. Noise is either airborne or structure-borne. In practical terms, this means that not only can sound enter through open windows and doors, but it can travel along walls and floors. There is not much to be done about the former, but there are worth-while measures for mitigating the latter.

The basic principles of noise-abatement are that soft surfaces absorb and dampen noise while bare, shiny surfaces refract and magnify it. In practical furnishing terms this means that a room with an all-over fitted carpet with a thick carpet lining ; a room with papered walls and hanging pictures ; built-in bookshelves ; soft upholstery ; cushions and similar " shock-absorbers," will be a quieter room than the one sparsely furnished with polished floor-boards, painted walls and widely-exposed hard surfaces.

Sheet cork or rubber flooring is an excellent sound-absorber and can be used as finished flooring in nurseries, kitchens, bathrooms and halls, or as a lining for carpets in living-rooms and bedrooms. Alternatively, and if expense is a factor, many thicknesses of newspaper laid under the carpet will do a lot towards deadening sound in the room concerned as well as the one below.

Cork flooring in a children's bedroom or playroom adds a good deal to the tranquillity of neighbouring rooms.

ALL contributing factors to overall noise are worth hunting down and eliminating. Creaking doors and gates can be quietened with oil. The same goes for every hinge in the house ; for castors on the furniture, for the wheels of the carpet-sweeper and the tea-trolley—in fact, for every piece of equipment in the house which is a potential source of irritation. Rubber stoppers prevent the shattering crash of carelessly-closed doors ; well-oiled locks make doors click rather than slam. Squeaky floorboards and growling cisterns can be dealt with by a handyman at a cost out of all proportion to the benefit derived by nervy occupants of the house.

IT goes without saying that good building cuts down structure-borne noise, but since most of us live in the houses or flats which have fallen to our lot and have little to say in their construction, the problem of reducing noise becomes one of introducing palliatives, measures of a structural nature being, at the best, costly.

Ideally, main rooms should face away from the greatest sources of airborne noise. Neighbour noises should be minimised by " cushioning " bedrooms and living-rooms with cupboards built into partitioning walls, but where these measures have been omitted—and how frequently they have—it is profitable whenever possible to change the rooms around. If, for instance, the south is noisy in the daytime and the north noisier at night, a south bedroom and a north sitting-room, though sacrificing sunshine, may benefit from the enhancement of quiet at all times. Similar measures might be profitable if neighbour noises give trouble. Switching the bedroom and the sitting-room, where heating arrangements permit, may easily bring blessed relief from neighbour noises which come through the walls.

Nine factors which help to make this room a quiet one. Well-oiled castors and latches function noiselessly, while the furnishings play an important, if passive part, as "noise-absorbers."

TIDY-UP

UNTIDINESS adds its own quota to disquiet in the home. Orderliness comes more naturally to some than to others, but "a place for everything and everything in its place," if trite, is a sound principle.

Providing an appointed place for everything is the first practical step towards tidiness. In the kitchen, a wall fitment to house the gadgets will leave drawers free for cutlery and other equipment. There is a neat metal plated hanging rack which takes up a minimum of wall-space, designed to accommodate a useful selection of kitchen appliances. The fitment, complete with potato-peeler, potato masher, spatula, measuring spoon, three-pronged meat fork and fish-slice, costs 13s. 6d. The rack alone costs 1s. 3d.

A neatly-stowed chest of drawers delights the eye and incidentally prevents minor casualties to fragile garments. Nylons and delicate undies should always be put into cellophane or plastic envelopes to protect them from dust and incidental snags. Plastic envelopes cost 3s. 11d. for a set of three.

With limited wardrobe accommodation, one of the minor problems of keeping the bedroom tidy is how to dispose of shoes. The solution is the Shoe Hose Tidy, which is attractive enough to be hung on the inside of the wardrobe door, or even behind the bedroom door in full view. The shoe tidy has a quilted plastic backing with eight self-coloured pouchettes, each capacious enough to hold a shoe or several pairs of stockings. The whole tidy is suspended from a hanger, painted to match, which can be hung on a hook or rail.

Another space-saving aid to tidiness is a plastic laundry bag which solves the problem of disposing of soiled linen where a more solid fixture is not possible. The laundry bag is in coloured plastic, with a quilted top and base which makes it as ornamental as it is useful. There is a flap at the base which only has to be unclipped for the soiled linen to be released. The price of both the Shoe Hose Tidy and the laundry bag is 19s. 7½d. each.

in search of Glamour

WHEN a man talks to you about make-up it is worth paying attention to what he has to say. His reactions are usually much more sound than those of your women friends because he is not hampered by fashion decrees. Men know what becomes women much better than women themselves. A man I know was airing his observations on this subject a few days ago.

"I noticed that the women shopping in Bond Street were wearing very dark shades of lipstick." He went on to say: "Personally, I like deep shades of lipstick, but a number of the women I saw had been very careless about the way they put it on, and I don't like purple lipstick on blonde women."

If that was the reaction of one man, it was probably the reaction of 90 per cent. of the men in Bond Street that day.

Jane Gordon

WHATEVER your type of skin, there are preparations made to keep your complexion in the pink of perfection, but now that there are so many hundreds of cosmetics to be bought, how to choose the best to suit your purpose is probably a question you often ask yourself. It would take about 50,000 words to tell you all the answers, but I can give you a selection, which you may find useful.

The foundation of a good complexion is, of course, scrupulous cleanliness. It is of the utmost importance to choose the right method for your type of skin. The normal or greasy complexion needs a soap-and-water wash at least once a day, and it is a mistake to use very hot water. Warm water, followed by a cool rinse, should be used. Soaps of the turtle-oil type are particularly good.

My favourite soap for face-washing is extremely expensive, but I think well worth the 4s. 6d. I pay for it.

There are any number of cleansing milks made for the dry complexion. If the skin is not too dried-out, one of the best cleansing milks I know costs 3s. For the extra dry skin, a very soothing complexion milk costs 5s. 10d. The most luxurious cleanser is called "Feather-touch," and is really a creamy emulsion. This costs 10s. 8d. and is applied by the finger-tips and tissued off, leaving the face deliciously smooth. All cleansing milks should be followed by rinsing the face with lukewarm water. For badly-weathered complexions a cleansing cream is the most practical and a liquefying cream is particularly good in these cases. One of the best I know costs only 2s. 7½d. A good cleansing cream of the cold-cream type costs 4s. 1d., and a luxury make called Waterlily Cleansing Cream is priced 9s. 2d.

For women troubled with enlarged pores there is a pore-washing cream at 9s. 2d., and you can also get a special pore mask for use at home, price 10s. 10d.

Many a complexion is spoilt by acidity, and there is a special lotion which works wonders in these cases. It is painted on with a paint-brush at night and removed next morning (*Continued on page 76*)

Seen In Passing

Valerie Burke brings more news of shopping finds this month. If you would like further details of any item mentioned, please write, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope to The Editor, Women's Section, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, W.C.1

THE makers of the Growy umbrella pictured on right have considered very seriously all the ills that umbrellas are heir to. First, the vexed question of size and manœuvrability. Useful though it may be in a shower, an umbrella is an inconvenient thing to trail about when not in use. The Growy umbrella solves this difficulty by telescoping itself in a trice from full size into a neat little package which as the picture shows is small enough to go into a handbag. The tendency to turn inside out in a gale may not be a very real danger, but anyway a metal frame takes care of that eventuality. Finally, an assurance against loss. Each of these umbrellas carries a guarantee that if it is irretrievably lost within twelve months of purchase, it will be replaced, free of charge. What could be more comprehensive? The price, which includes the guarantee against loss, £4 17s. 9d.

RUBBER aprons and over-sleeves are just beginning to make a reappearance and the new designs are as dainty as they are practical. The extremely pretty apron in the second picture is in shirred rubber which, besides being more attractive than plain rubber, has the virtue of being all but tear-proof. There are two designs, the one shown with a flower motif on the pocket and another with broad stripes of contrasting colours, both available in a lovely range of colours including rose, tangerine and mist-blue. The price is 12s. 11d.

The rubber half-sleeves, made in fine rubber to match the aprons, are invaluable as a protection for cuffs and long sleeves when doing the chores or bathing the baby. Price 2s. 11½d. a pair.

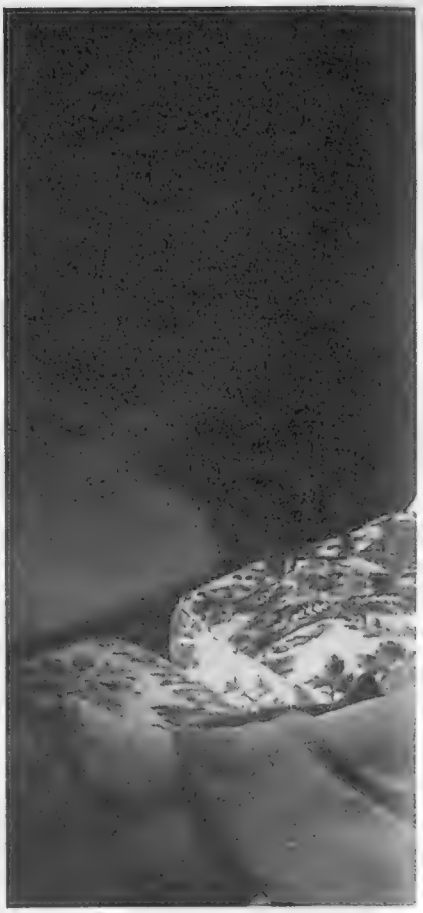
HYGIENIC food bags have a hundred and one uses in the kitchen. They will keep food moist and fresh for an indefinite period and will keep vegetables crisp during the week-end. They are equally invaluable when shopping, and make the shopper independent of indifferently wrapped food. The type illustrated has a ventilation hole in the base and cost 7s. The sandwich pack made in the same type of plastic is the right size to take sandwich loaf sandwiches and has side flaps and an overall cover tie. Price 2s. 6d. Basin and bottle covers in plastic which look like miniature bath caps but serve endless purposes in protecting food range according to their size from 8½d. for milk bottle covers to 1s. 11d. for the large dish size.

ANOTHER item for the housewife, particularly intended for the newlywed, but useful for many others too, is a sensible and practical book by Kay Smallshaw, who knows her subject, and is called *How to Run Your Home Without Help*. This is a complete guide to housekeeping and homemaking for the woman of to-day who must be both mistress and maid at the same time. It deals with every aspect of housekeeping under present-day conditions from organizing the shopping with a view to saving time and getting good returns, to spring-cleaning with the least effort and most satisfactory results.

A NEWLY opened beauty salon is catering for the business woman with beauty problems whose only free time is after office hours. They specialize particularly in the problems of the over-thirties with coarse-grained, open-pored skin. Special enlarged-pore treatments cost £1 1s. 6d. each or £5 7s. 6d. for a course of six. A cleanse and make-up if you are going on to a special evening party costs 6s. 6d. and the standard facials range from 15s.

LACK of suitable materials has been the main reason why the fuller than average figure has been so sadly neglected during the war years and since. But it is good news that once again this forgotten figure type is being catered for by the revival of "Youthlastex" fabric. This fabric is woven with a locked stitch that limits its stretch, yet it is supple to the figure and so controlling that it can be worn with (*Continued on page* 65)

Just A Headache



MOST of us suffer at some time or other from a headache which makes us complain, "My head feels like splitting," or "I feel as if there were a ton weight on my head." In nine cases out of ten, the self-prescribed treatment is an aspirin, a cup of tea and a short rest. Sometimes, but not always, the headache improves.

The "cup of tea and an aspirin" treatment is not infallible because a headache is not a disease with one specific cure. A headache is a symptom of a physical upset somewhere in the body, and need not necessarily be connected with the head at all. Until the cause has been diagnosed and treated, the headache will go on.

The type of headache is in itself a valuable clue to the cause. A throbbing pain across the temples and forehead is perhaps the most common form. If the pain is more or less continuous with an increase of discomfort towards the end of the day, the first suspect is eyestrain caused either by weak sight or working under bad lighting conditions. Go along to the occulist, even though you may think your eyes are perfectly strong. Alterations in the sight occur so slowly, that deterioration is imperceptible until something like an eyestrain headache makes itself felt. See that all close work is always done under a good light, both at the office and at home, even if it means shifting round the lighting fixtures a little.

Rheumatism and fibrositis are common causes of head pains, usually at the back spreading to the neck and shoulders. Fibrositis is a stubborn complaint. Warmth and rest are the most effective treatment, though in some cases manipulative massage must be resorted to. Massage and radiant heat treatment are still the best for muscular forms of rheumatism. These, of course, are for a doctor to prescribe and he should be consulted first about them.

The painful headaches are not the only kind which cause discomfort. The "sensation" headaches, when the whole head seems to be involved in a dull ache are equally unpleasant in their own way and will seldom respond to the "cup of tea and aspirin" palliative.

Biliousness is a common cause and is always accompanied by a feeling of sickness and nausea. Biliousness is a word to describe many kinds of tummy upset but the commonest of all is a mild degree of jaundice. You need not go bright yellow all over to have jaundice, which is actually a type of fat intolerance. If you are subject to frequent bilious headaches, adopt a low fat

The Rough And The Smooth

YOUR hands tell a story. One glance at the nails and a doctor can diagnose your general health. Move your hands and you reveal a good deal of your temperament. The general appearance of your hands will often reveal your age.

Beautiful hands must be relaxed. Never wave them about and never gesticulate while you are talking. If the joints are stiff, supple them with hand exercises. Playing an imaginary piano is good exercise for loosing stiffened joints.

Red hands are usually due to poor circulation, for which exercises again are the best treatment. Hold the hands above the head with the palms facing each other and then shake them from the wrist. Do this occasionally throughout the day whenever you think of it.

Large veins, and rough, coarse skin add years to the age of the hands. Poor circulation or too tight sleeves are often responsible for enlarged veins. Step up your exercises; this will improve circulation.

Rough, coarse skin is a sign of neglect. Wear rubber gloves whenever you use strong soaps or detergents. (Detergents, by the way, must call for an antidote in the form of a fatty lotion for they dissolve the natural oil from the skin.) Dry the hands well afterwards, then take a cake of good quality soap, slightly damped, and rub it well into the hands. (This is a trick that hospital nurses use to keep the hands soft.) Alternatively, keep a jar of cream or lotion beside your sink and use it —conscientiously.

If the skin is very fine wear gloves—don't carry them. If they're difficult to slip on, dust the hands first with talc.

The shape of the fingers can be improved if they are too square tipped by pinching the point when drying the hand after washing.

Use a good toilet soap. Buy the best you can afford. Good news for us all is that a well-known make of super fatted soap is now available for the home market. Triple milled, hard and lasting, it can be bought in four different fragrances: Gardenia, Rose Geranium, Blue Moss and Yellow Gorse.

Health and Beauty by Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty problems, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, W.C.1, enlosing a stamped, addressed envelope

diet for the time being and see whether there is any improvement. Avoid foods that contain fats, such as fried foods, butter, dripping, olive oil, pastry, rich cakes and milk (except skimmed). Include in the diet clear soups, raw or cooked fruits, lean and white meats, potatoes, green vegetables and white fish. Make up for the lost source of fats by taking some concentrated fat-soluble vitamins A and D. Try and eat a little extra sugar and glucose. (This incidentally is an excellent remedy for children who cannot travel without getting a sick headache.)

Over excitement and anxiety can upset the digestive system and produce much the same symptoms, so if you feel yourself getting over-anxious about trivialities, be firm with yourself.

A touch of liver can also produce an unpleasant dull sensation in the head accompanied by the notorious dislike of the world in general and a nasty taste in the mouth. The cause may probably be constipation or unwise eating. The remedy, a day of light diet, no starchy foods, plenty of fruit and a dose of laxative before you retire for the night.

Adopt a sensible line about constipation, taking medicine only when absolutely necessary and studying your diet. Raw fruit and roughage are much healthier than purges. A colonic irrigation will cleanse the system of poisons and give a new aspect to life.

What's the Answer?

What is the correct treatment for a half-dry, half-oily skin; dry on the cheeks, forehead and throat, and oily on the centre of the face?

Choose preparations suited to a dry skin. Use very little lubricating cream on the centre of the face but be extra thorough and liberal with the tonic.

What is a good home-made rinse for fair hair?

Strain the juice of half a lemon into two quarts of tepid water. Pour over the hair and then rinse with clear, tepid water. This will emphasise the golden tints and make the hair fluffier.

What colour of spectacle frames is the most becoming for the white-haired woman?

Assuredly white frames. These, because they match the colour of the hair will not clash or look too noticeable. When buying jewellery, choose white gold settings rather than gold.

Is there any way of preventing an ugly ridge of hard flesh developing on the back of the heels? Or of curing it when it has appeared?

This is possibly due to wearing court shoes with heels which are too narrow for the shoes. Discontinue wearing court shoes for the next few months. During this time, rub with pumice stone. Massage every night with a liberal amount of cold cream. This treatment should get rid of the ridge.

Is there any way of disguising a too-square face?

There are many ways of softening the angles. Place your rouge far back on the face, blending it well down the cheek. Avoid any angles when making up the lips. Let the line be rounded. Have a coiffure with height to it. Avoid width at the sides but let the hair form a soft line at the neck. See that the brows have a downward curve, too.

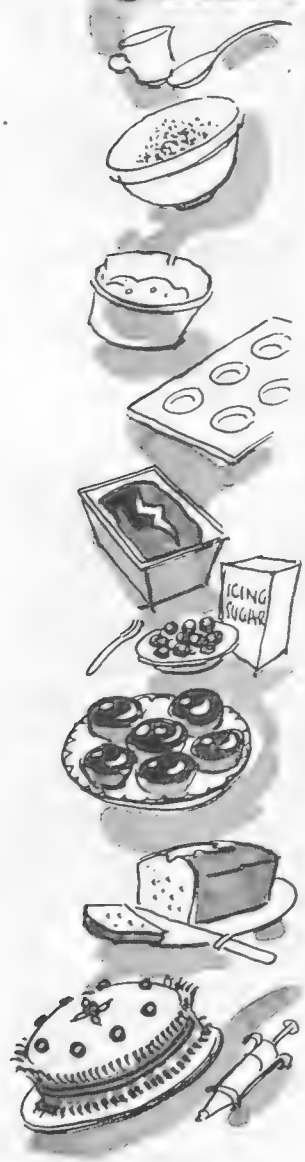
The long, hot summer produced a host of freckles on my face. Is there any way of getting rid of them?

Bleaching will help temporarily. Try a solution of lemon juice and water occasionally. Dab it on with cotton wool, but remember that prevention is the wiser way. Next year, protect the skin with cream or lotion before exposure to the sun.

(Continued on page 80)

SPIDER'S WEB CAKE

Cakes Without Eggs



IT is still a problem to produce varied cakes in the winter without using eggs which can seldom be spared for cooking. There are, of course, a number of eggless fruit cakes to be made which are quite as good as those made with eggs, but when it comes to small cakes and sponge mixtures, good results are not so easy. There are, however, quite a number of good recipes excluding eggs, which, if you can spare a little icing sugar to adorn them, should prove popular.

SPIDER'S WEB CAKE

Ingredients: 3 oz. lard; ¾ breakfastcupful sugar; 1¾ breakfastcupfuls self-raising flour; 2 tablespoonfuls cocoa; ½ pint milk; 1 teaspoonful bicarbonate of soda; chocolate icing; butter icing for filling and decoration.

Melt lard in a pan. Dissolve sugar in it. Add cocoa and flour and add this and milk gradually to mixture. Beat well—at the last add soda dissolved first in a little water. Pour mixture in well-greased sandwich tins and bake in moderate oven, Regulo 4 or 350° F. for about 30 minutes or till skewer comes out clean. Almond, coffee or other flavours can be used instead of cocoa.

When cold sandwich together with most of the butter icing; coat top with chocolate icing. Put remaining white butter icing in forcing bag and pipe circles and spokes to represent a spider's web.

CRUMBLETOP FINGERS

Ingredients: Shortbread mixture.—8 oz. flour; 4 oz. margarine; 1 oz. sugar.

Crumbletop.—Walnut of peanut butter or lard; tablespoonful sugar; tablespoonful porridge oats; tablespoonful brown crumbs.

A little coffee butter icing.

For the shortbread soften margarine over low flame. Cream in sugar and add flour. Knead till free from cracks. Press mixture into well-greased baking tin. Prick with fork and bake in low oven, Regulo 3 or 300° F. about 40 minutes. Cut in fingers about 4 in. by 2 in. while warm. When cool turn out.

For the crumbletop cream peanut butter and sugar; mix in crumbs and oats. Put in a shallow greased fireproof dish and bake in moderate oven, Regulo 4 or 350° F. about 20 minutes. Leave to cool. When shortbread is cold spread thinly with icing and coat with crumbletop.

HONEY CAKES

Ingredients: 8 oz. self-raising flour; 3 oz. fat; 3 oz. brown sugar; 2 oz. mixed peel; 4 oz. honey; grated rind and juice of 1 orange; small teaspoonful bicarbonate of soda; pinch salt.

Cream fat and sugar, add orange juice and rind and peel, beat in flour, to which salt has been added, add about 2 tablespoonfuls of milk and the melted honey; finally, add bicarbonate of soda mixed in a little water. Pour into well-greased bun tins; lay a strip of peel or a nut on top of each. Bake in slow oven, Regulo 3 or 300° F. about 30 minutes.

ICED GINGERBREAD

Ingredients: 8 oz. self-raising flour; 2 oz. lard; 2 oz. sugar; ½ teaspoonful baking powder; ½ teaspoonful bicarbonate of soda; 3 oz. golden syrup mixed with a tablespoonful dark treacle; small dessertspoonful ground ginger; 1 gill warm milk; pinch salt.

Warm milk and syrup together. Cream fat and sugar. Mix with milk and syrup. Add salt, baking powder and ginger to flour and beat into mixture. Dissolve soda in a little water and add, mix thoroughly. Put in well-greased (*Continued on page* 80)

CRUMPLETOP FINGERS

One Ration To Serve Four

WE talk of Black Monday, but for the housewife I think Black Wednesday is apt. Where there are several in the family most of us find it necessary to use one of the meat rations at this difficult stage in the week and then comes the dilemma of how to feed perhaps four people from one meat ration. Vegetables, pastry, macaroni and batter are all good for making a little go a long way and extra flavour can be provided with meat cubes, soups, curry powder and so on. If something of this kind is not introduced instead of more meat these stretched concoctions can be very stodgy, tasteless and dull. The following are substantial and easily prepared dishes using one ration.

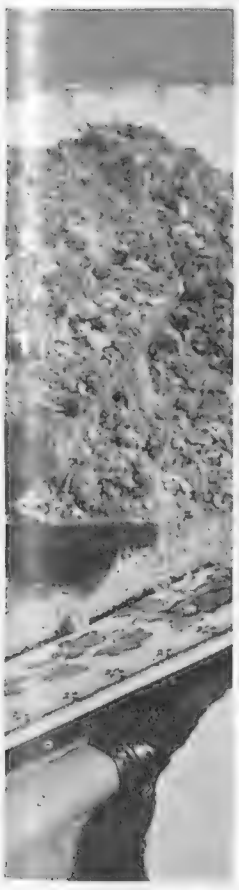
MEAT AND RICE MOULD

Ingredients: 1 ration cooked meat; 3 oz. rice or rice substitute; ½ pint stock; 1 oz. margarine or dripping; 1 onion peeled and sliced; seasoning; 3 tomatoes, and 1 egg.

Boil rice for about 5 minutes in enough salted water to cover. Strain and rinse in cold water to clear it. Return to pan; add fat, onion and stock. Simmer slowly till cooked. Dice meat and add it; stir in egg, well beaten, season. Grease mould or soufflée dish. Line top with slices of tomato. Chop remaining tomato and add to mixture. Put mixture in mould. Steam 1 hour. Turn out and serve with peas.

VEAL CATALANE (Other meat can be substituted.)

Ingredients: 1 ration of veal; ½ lb. vegetarian sausages; ¼ pint fresh tomato purée or a tablespoonful tomato ketchup; 1 small onion, finely chopped; bouquet of herbs; stock; cider.



Cut meat in small squares, season and sprinkle with flour. Brown on both sides and fry onion with it till golden brown. Put in casserole. Add about ½ pint stock and ¼ pint cider; enough to cover meat, add herbs. Cover and cook slowly, Regulo 3 or 300° F. about 1¼ hours. Add tomato towards the end. Fry sausages and serve with it.

CORNISH PASTIES

Ingredients: ½ lb. short pastry; 1 meat ration; 1 potato; 1 onion; seasoning.

Peel onion and shred finely. Dice meat and potato very small; season. Roll out pastry and cut rounds the size of a saucer. Put a spoonful of meat mixture in centre of each round. Damp edges; fold together, pressing edges together down centre of pattie. Make cuts with knife at intervals of half an inch, turning the pastry back round the finger. Brush with milk. Make one or two slices with knife to let in air. Bake in good oven, Regulo 5 or 375° F. about 30 minutes.

VIENNA STEAKS

Ingredients: 1 meat ration beef or mince; 2 rashers bacon (optional); juice of ½ lemon; seasoning; 4 oz. breadcrumbs; 1 desertspoonful flour; ½ pint stock; teaspoonful chopped parsley; ½ teaspoonful anchovy essence; tomato sauce.

Mince the beef and bacon very finely; add crumbs, anchovy, lemon, parsley and season. Mix in just enough sauce to bind. Shape into small round cakes. Coat with milk and brown crumbs, fry in hot fat till brown both sides. Heat stock in a pan; put in steaks and simmer very gently 5 minutes. Dish up steaks. Mix flour into a paste with a little cold water. Pour stock on to it gradually, stirring to keep smooth. Return to pan; season, boil up, add a few drops gravy browning. Pour over steaks. Serve with sauté potatoes and spinach.

STUFFED CELERY FRITTERS

Ingredients: 1 ration meat cooked and minced; ¼ pint thick white sauce; head of white celery;

(*Continued on page* 80)

MEAT AND RICE MOULD

·Pastry Problems·

PASTRY-MAKING is simple in theory yet turns out to be a chancy business in practice. True we are still sometimes handicapped by indifferent or insufficient fats but the fault often lies in the handling, or rather over-handling, of the pastry. There are certain essential points to remember in pastry-making. Above all, everything should be as cool as possible, partly to avoid fat particles beginning to melt and so mixing with flour and forming a solid mass which is tough when baked and partly because cold air expands more than warm when contacting heat; therefore, if pastry is cold on entering oven, its expansion or lightness will be greater when baked. So use cold utensils; a knife for mixing and, if hands are hot, rinse in cold water and dry before beginning. When possible, leave pastry for a short time in cool place before rolling out and again before a second rolling. Use finger-tips for rubbing in fat, and after this touch pastry as little as possible. Mixing must be thorough but quick. Other points to remember; adding enough cold water to avoid dough cracking when kneaded; minimum of kneading and rolling is essential. Bake in a hot oven, commencing at Regulo 7 or 450 degrees F.

What to Know About Wool

FORMIDABLE sums are spent in shopping during the course of a year by a public who have only the haziest knowledge of the intrinsic value of their purchases.

Women, who are supposed to be more expert than men in this sphere, are confirmed "blind shoppers" as much as men. To take a topical instance, consider the quantities of woollen fabrics which are being bought just now for making up into winter garments with, in so few cases, even a general grasp of the principles which distinguish a good buy from a not-so-good one.

"I want some red woollen material," says the shopper confidently, unaware that this embracing term covers a variety of fabrics each distinct in character and adaptable, or perhaps not so, for specific purposes.

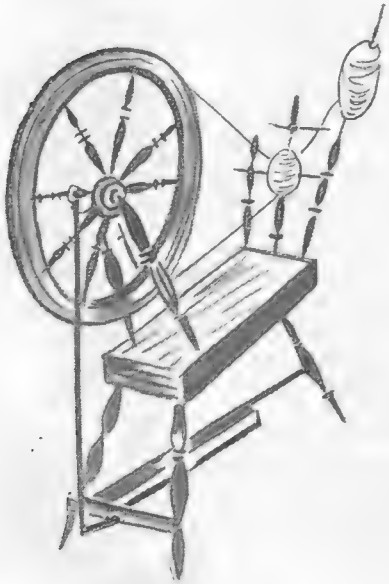
THE terms pure wool, worsted, saxony and tweed—to take the most familiar—have their own implications, though we tend to throw them all together under the embracing term "wool." It is true, of course, that they are wool, or a combination of wool and cotton, but each has its own distinctive characteristics which are important to the appearance and durability of the made up garments for which they are to be used. Tweed is the exception since its characteristics are more easily recognized, though even this assumption is outdated. The soft, featherweight tweeds of recent production have little visual relationship with the traditional fabrics.

Roughly speaking, the difference between one kind of woollen fabric and another lies in the methods of spinning. The components of a fabric may be identical but the manner in which the yarn is treated at the spinning stage gives it its final character both from a point of appearance and of durability.

One kind of spinning produces the various fabrics which we know as woollen; another gives us worsted, and so on. Worsted is finer and closer in texture than most woollens and for this reason is best suited to the uses of tailoring and the harder wear which we expect from suits, costumes and similar outer garments. Woollens, though the best of them are sometimes successfully used for tailoring purposes, are, on the whole, more suitable for soft dressmaking.

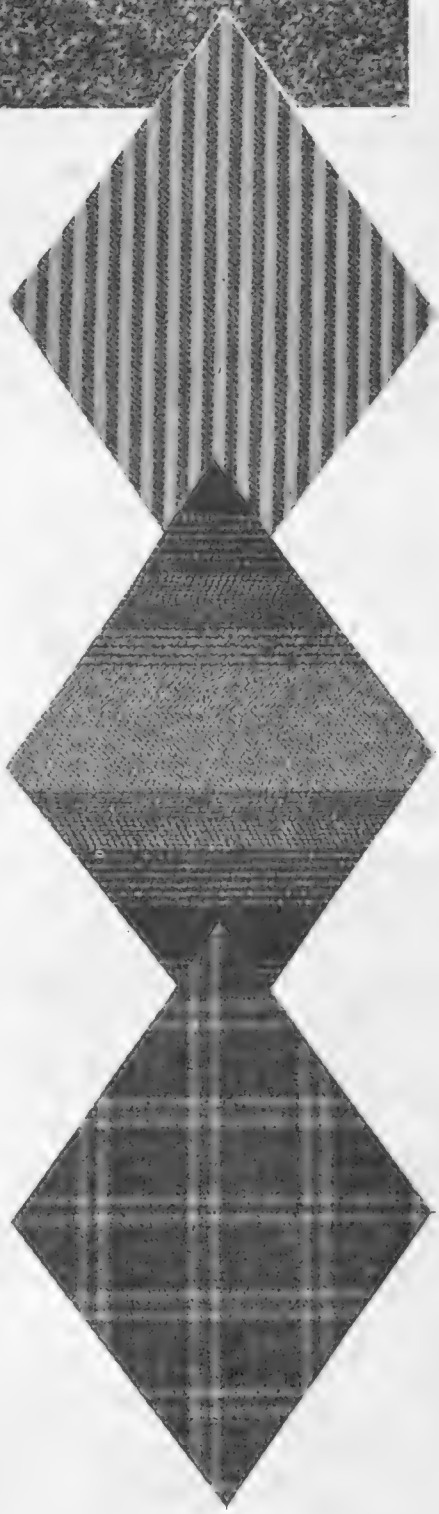
The term Saxony implies still another method of spinning the wool yarn and brings the completed fabric into a category somewhere between a woollen and a worsted. It is a little harder and hairier in texture than the worsteds and lacks its sheen.

Softness to the touch is not an infallible indication of quality where pure woollens are concerned. Some have a springy hardness in their make-up which is not a disadvantage. An experienced eye can detect the difference between the resilience of the harsher type of good wool and the inflexibility of one which is perhaps heavily reinforced with cotton or rayon.



A good test of resistance for any woollen fabric is to hold it firmly with four fingers of each hand on the underside of the material with the two thumb tips meeting on the upper side. Stretch the fabric taut whilst pressing the thumb tips firmly into the material and, holding this position, turn over to the underside. If the threads part to any noticeable extent where the thumb tips press through, the fabric will not stand up to heavy wear. A tendency to crease easily and to fray readily at the cut edges also denotes a lower grade material.

These are generalizations, of course, but helpful in the promotion of wise buying.



Some of the latest productions of English crêpe tweed which are featherlight and soft and have little visual relationship with the traditional fabric of that name.

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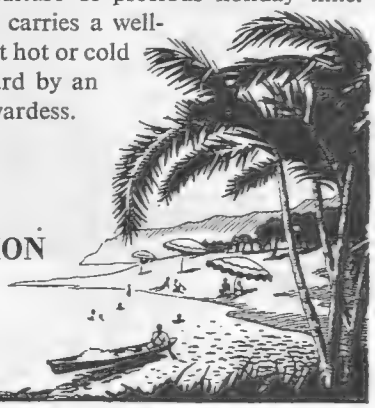
A WINTER HOLIDAY in brilliant tropical or subtropical sunshine — with no currency restrictions to limit your amusements! Sea-bathing, fishing, sailing, golf, sport of all kinds — first-rate hotels, magnificent food! Take your choice: Bermuda, the Bahamas, Jamaica, Barbados, Trinidad and Tobago are all within approximately two days of Britain by air, and are all in the sterling area.

British Overseas Airways Corporation—linking up at Kingston, Jamaica, with British West Indian Airways services to all over the Caribbean — take you there with the least possible expenditure of precious holiday time. Every B.O.A.C. airliner carries a well-stocked bar, and excellent hot or cold meals are served on board by an efficient steward and stewardess.



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ARE YOU AT HOME TO DANGER?

TO children playing a skirmishing game "home" is the safe refuge, but in realistic contrast, the sorry facts about our real homes is that 8,000 people lose their lives in them by accident in the course of a year.

These are formidable figures and, to most of us, *just figures*. The *laissez faire* attitude "it can't happen to me" afflicts us all. Nevertheless, eight thousand people discover every year that it isn't true.

Accidents don't "just happen." They have a cause, and the cheering facts are that most of them are preventable.

Snoozing by the fireside is a winter's luxury. But coals can drop out and set light to the carpet if there is no one awake to keep an eye on it

FALLS, burns and scalds—serious ones—add up to about three quarters of all home accidents. The over-sixties have a monopoly of the falls and the under-fives go for the burns and scalds. The "In between" have plenty of their own of course.

The most prolific source of falls is untidiness, so the experts say. Brushes, pails, brooms, toys and what-have-you left lying about the floor are as good—or as bad—as trip wires. Worn carpets and linoleum breaking at the edges (we all have them) are lurking death traps. Old shoes and sloppy slippers are rich sources of sprains and broken bones. Simple things but potential forerunners of a trip to hospital.

Quick as lightning, a fall can bring you down where, perhaps a little more light on the scene would have shown up the danger of a shadowy step. Two-way switches that can be flicked on at the bottom of a staircase and flicked off again at the top are not an extravagance but a safeguard.

Polished boards are danger spots for children and old people. Keep up appearances by all means, but do it with a non-slip polish. Mats and rugs should be fixed so as not to take sudden charge of your direction and carry you off in an undisciplined race across the floor.

In emergencies, a portable fire can do duty as a hair drier. But beware! Accidental singeing does not improve either the hair or the clothes

THESE facts about prevention are not very new, but it is so true of life that the obvious is overlooked.

Keep panhandles from butting over the sides of the cooking stove; use inflammable liquids *outdoors*. Put up a fireguard before leaving the house and don't go searching for gas leaks with a lighted candle! An astonishing number of quite intelligent people do.

Modern gas and electrical equipment is designed for safety but it should be kept in good working order and overhauled by experts when anything goes wrong. However much you fancy yourself as a handyman, don't fool around with gas and electrical apparatus unless you really know the snags. There are plenty for the uninitiated. Don't allow loose gas taps to stay that way indefinitely. Don't carry on with frayed flex wire and do resist the temptation to warm up the bathroom with a portable radiator which you are likely to switch off with wet hands. A panel heater on the ceiling is the safe thing for bathrooms unless there are hot pipes or a protected radiator.

THE Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents say that Carelessness is the greatest single cause of accidents. An important part of their campaign consists in sending speakers to local organizations simply to explain to whoever is willing to listen, what a great number of very careless people there are inhabiting the hospitals who have selected this painful and expensive means of discovering how careless they are.

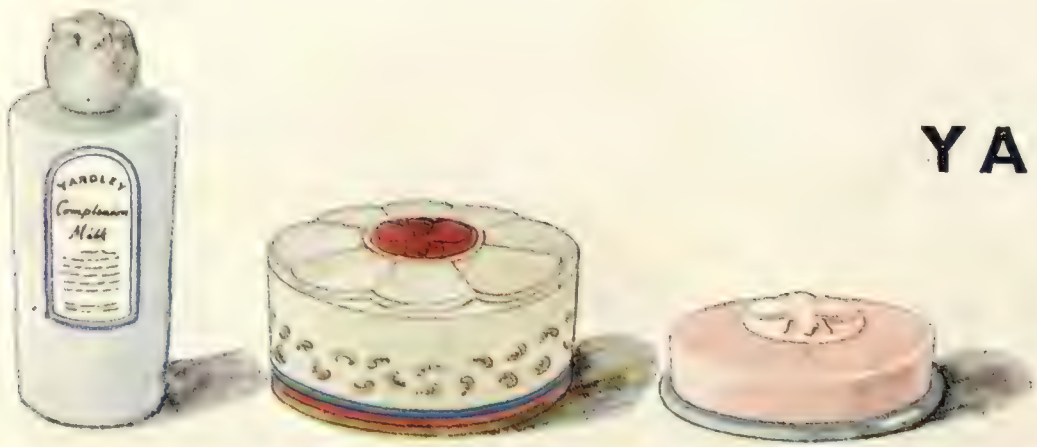
BARBARA VISE

Smoking in bed is a cosy habit, but with an ash-tray handy, it isn't safe to indulge. It is easy to doze off with the cigarette still alight

This clothes line is going to collapse at any moment. It will be either the undies or the towel (depending on which end goes) that will catch fire.

Are you wearing rose-tinted spectacles?

Sure you couldn't be lovelier if you took more care? Not frequent powdering; that only proves beauty-things wrongly chosen or carelessly used. Yardley Make-up Base will give your skin a beautiful, long-lasting matt look. But you must put it on thinly and evenly and *pat* your Yardley powder well in. When your face needs repairs, remember that hasty dabs at nose and chin give a blotchy, patched-up look. Thorough cleansing only takes a moment with quick-acting Yardley Complexion Milk. An excellent tonic for your skin is expert treatment in the Yardley Salon, *33 Old Bond Street, London W1*



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Craven 'A'

Rich, fine tobacco and — the cork-tip for cleaner smoking

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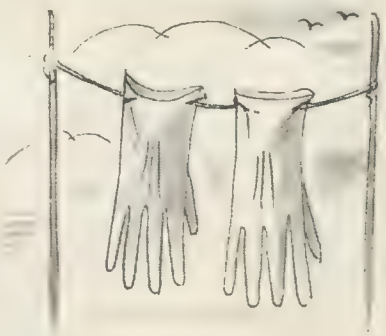
Handy Information

Glove cleaning is a highly specialized process and except in the cases of washable gloves, cannot be successfully undertaken by the amateur. Here are some notes on what can and what cannot be safely attempted at home

CHAMOIS leather gloves can be safely cleaned by washing. They should be washed on the hands in warm soapy water, gently rubbing the hands together. Use soap flakes or soap jelly for the suds, not soapless detergents which have a marked fat solvent action which might harshen the leather. When the gloves are clean, do not rinse them in clear water, but immerse them again in fresh soapy water. Peel them off the hands, and roll in a clean cloth to remove excess moisture. Pull the gloves into shape, blowing into the fingers to open them out. Pin by the cuffs on to a line and dry slowly in the shade away from any strong heat. While they are drying, work the chamois between the fingers once or twice to keep the leather soft.

WASHABLE leather gloves should be washed in warm soapy water to which a teaspoonful of olive oil has been added. This will help to keep the leather supple. Wash and dry in the same way as for chamois leather, but finish with a final rinse in clear water.

FABRIC and string gloves should be washed off the hands. If the colours are not fast, use cool or cold water to which a little vinegar has been added. Soapless detergents have the virtue of lathering in cold water which makes them particularly suitable for washing non-fast coloured goods. Rinse the gloves well in clear, cold water, roll in a clean cloth to remove excess moisture and pull into shape before drying.



WOOLLEN gloves should be treated like any other woollen goods. Squeeze the gloves gently in the suds and use cool water to prevent shrinkage and loss of colour.

THE cleaning of all other types of gloves including kid, suède and non-washable leathers, is a highly skilled process and there is no method which can be successfully and safely undertaken at home. All skins contain natural oils which keep the leather soft and pliable. When benzine or any other spirit cleaner is applied to remove stains and grease marks, they automatically dissolve out the natural oils resulting in discoloration, or at worst, a serious deterioration of the leather. Replacing the natural oils after the leather has been cleaned is a skilled job calling for special apparatus so it is better in the long run not to attempt first aid treatment of soiled suède or leather gloves at home. Good gloves deserve the best treatment, so take them along to a professional cleaner who specializes in this branch of cleaning. The position is easier now than it has been for the past few years and increasing numbers of cleaners are able to handle this type of work.

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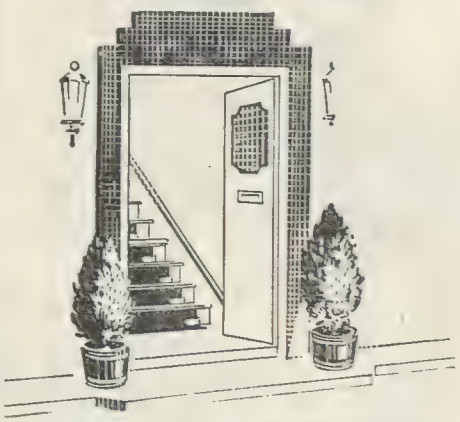

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First Steps

THE importance of correctly fitting shoes for the young child cannot be too often stressed. It is not enough that the shoes should be of the right size. They must also be so designed and constructed that, from the first tentative steps, the youngster's foot is given all the freedom of movement and support it requires for healthy development.

Ideally, children should first learn to walk barefooted, but for the many town youngsters who have to "find their feet" on hard and dusty pavements, their first shoes should approximate in shape to the natural form of the foot. When buying shoes for the toddler, bear in mind that the inner side of the foot is thicker than the outer and is almost straight; that the big toe lies straight forward, while the others go downwards and outwards in a gradual curve; that the widest part of the foot is from the little toe across the top of the foot. To put the young, as yet unformed foot, into a shoe that does not conform to the natural proportions, is laying up trouble for the future.

FIT, of course, is important in the choice of children's shoes, even though allowance has to be made for growth. The big toe and the inner edge of the foot should always fit snugly inside the shoe and there should be a clearance of at least three-quarters of an inch at the toe, not only to allow for growth, but to give freedom of movement to the toes in walking. Shoes should be tested with the child standing up as well as sitting down, as the foot at rest does not require the play of the toes so necessary in right walking.

Width is as important as length for a correct shoe fitting. To test the width of a shoe, press the thumb down on the little toe and draw the thumb across the foot lightly but firmly. If the toes are comfortably accommodated and the merest fraction of leather can be taken up between finger and thumb, then the feet will not be cramped and there is an allowance for growth. Too narrow a shoe will produce bunions in later life. Too wide a shoe which causes an ugly gaping of the "upper," particularly in walking, will produce corns and blisters.

BOTH shoes should be tried on before any pair is considered a correct fit. Frequently there is a difference in size between the left and right foot and it is important that the slightly larger foot should not be hampered by being put into a shoe which is too short. In most cases, the difference in size between the two feet is fractional and the three-quarters of an inch allowed for growth will allow for the difference. In the rare cases when the difference is as much as half a size, a good shoe stores will often make special arrangements to fit the child.

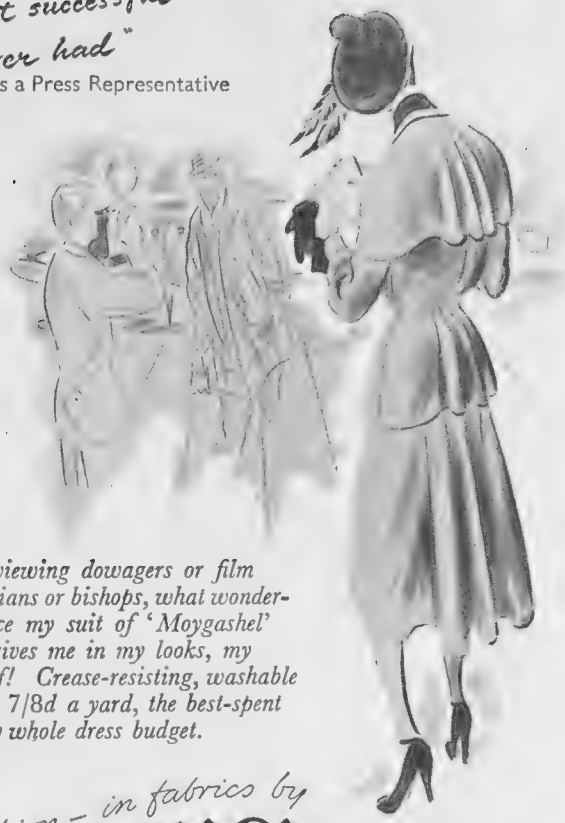
WHEN the correct fitting has been found, the shoe should be examined for balance and construction. A trustworthy guide to the correct balance of a child's shoe is to lay a pencil along the centre line of the heel, passing right down the sole. If the point of the pencil projects towards the out part of the shoe, then the bias is correct. If, on the other hand it veers towards the inner side, the shoe is wrong in design.

THE arch of the shoe must be tested to see that it will give adequate support by pressing the sole just in front of the heel to see that the toe does not spring up in the process. Remember that the arch of the foot is not static like the arch of a bridge, but rather more like a spring that must be supported without destroying the natural flexibility and springiness. The shoe, therefore, should be flexible from the middle arch to the toe, to enable the muscles of the foot to retain their elasticity.

CHOICE of style should be dictated by the natural form of the foot. A rounded toecap, however comfortable it may appear, does not, in fact, allow the inner edge of the foot and the big toe to remain in the straight line nature intended, but crowds the big toe onto the others and paves the way for foot troubles.

Laced shoes with three or four eyelets are best for outdoor wear and they can be tightened and loosened to give the necessary support. Indoor shoes should have a strong, wide, instep bar, which will keep the heel and the waist of the shoe in place and allow a maximum of freedom of movement. Ankle strap styles, charming though they may look on diminutive feet, should not be worn by toddlers as they afford little protection or support.

"The most successful suit I ever had"
says a Press Representative



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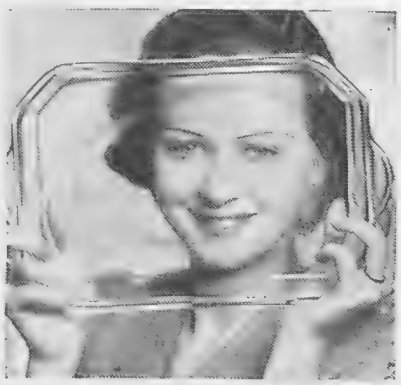

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PHOENIX

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Flower Legends and Superstitions

IT is said that Adam was given the task of naming all the plants in the Garden of Eden. A small blue flower, however, was overlooked. Later, passing through the garden, he called the flowers by the names he had bestowed, to make sure that they were acceptable.

All the flowers assured him that they liked their names very much indeed, but when his walk was almost over, he heard a voice at his feet asking: "By what name am I called, Adam?"

Looking down, he saw the small blue flower almost hidden by the shadows.

"As I forgot you before," he answered, "let me name you in a way to show that I shall remember you again. You shall be 'forget-me-not.'"

It was natural that Henry the Fourth of England should adopt the flower, for its name pleaded that he should not be overlooked and deprived of his throne for ever, while in exile.

In the fourteenth century, an order of knighthood adopted the flower as a device. In Italy, however, it is regarded as a flower of love, and it is said to be the changed form of a pretty maid who was drowned.

ALMOST every flower has some legend or fancy associated with it. Usually the ideas are bright and pleasing, but the hyacinth is associated with misfortune and sadness.

The name was borne by a handsome boy who was loved by both Zephyrus and Apollo. The lad, very naturally, preferred the sun god, with his light and brilliance, rather than Zephyrus, who, being the master of the winds, was hardly likely to be constant and faithful in his affections.

While Apollo played quoits with Hyacinthus, the disappointed and angry Zephyrus decided to take his revenge. Apollo threw a quoit which the wind deflected from its course, with the result that it struck Hyacinthus full in the forehead and killed him. The sun god decided that the beauty of the boy must not be lost. It was to remain forever in a flower, and for this purpose Apollo called the hyacinth out of the earth, sighing upon it "Ai, ai," as it came. There are people who still claim that these words of grief can be seen in Greek characters on the blossoms of the hyacinth.

THE lilac, for long used at festivals, was introduced into the homes of the people reluctantly and even a little fearfully. For, to many, the lilac is a flower of ill-luck. This is due to the fact that its purple colour is associated with the darker shades of mourning.

An old proverb declares that she who wears lilac will never wear a wedding ring, and it was once the custom to send a spray of lilac to a fiancée as a delicate way of stating that it was the wish of the sender that the engagement should be ended.

According to legend white lilac was once purple. It is said that an English nobleman deceived a girl who loved him, with the result that she died of a broken heart. Her friends placed a mound of lilac blooms upon her grave, and the next morning the flowers had become white.

This, the first white lilac, is said to be in the churchyard of a hamlet situated on the Wye in Herefordshire.

THE lily of the valley is associated with purity and humility. The Germans call the flower "the little May bell," while in England it was once referred to as "ladders to Heaven." The French still call lilies "the tears of Holy Mary." Ostara, the Norse goddess of spring, was a patron of the flower, which was only natural, for it heralds her approach.

Lilies of the valley were always looked upon as appropriate gifts to be offered by young lovers to their ladies, for they testified to their devotion and the purity of their intentions. It is not surprising that, in olden times, the perfume distilled from these flowers was held to be so precious that only gold and silver vessels were fit to contain it.

The rose has meant many things. It has been the symbol of strife, on one hand, and the symbol of peace, on the other. It has been adopted as the emblem of prospering nations, and it figures in art, poetry and legend from the earliest times.

According to the Hindus, it happened that Vishnu was floating on the water in the heat of the day when a lotus at his side began to open its petals. When the flower had completely unfolded, Brahma was discovered inside. Brahma claimed that the flower was the most beautiful thing in the world, but Vishnu disputed the claim. He stated that in his paradise there was a flower far more beautiful than the lotus.

To settle the argument, the two gods journeyed to Vishnu's paradise, where they came upon a bush which bore a single white rose.

"This is the fairest thing in heaven or earth," Vishnu exclaimed, and even as he spoke the flower opened its petals and Lakshmi stepped forth.

"I am sent to be your wife," she said to Vishnu, "because you have been faithful to the rose."

Lakshmi being even lovelier than the rose, Vishnu took her in his arms and Brahma confessed: "It is even as you have said. Vishnu shall be the chief god henceforth, for in his paradise is the rose, and that is supreme above all flowers."

ALL flowers have been associated with fairies, with sunshine, moonbeams, and all the creatures of fancy. The gnomes and elves hid in the flowers. They made their cloaks of petals, their crowns of stamens, their darts of thorns and their cradles of lilies.

These "little people" were the souls of flowers; mischievous when the flower exhaled a poison and beneficent when the flowers were wholesome. It was once believed that the mottlings of the cowslip and the foxglove were like the spots on butterfly wings and on the tails of peacocks. They were marks left by the fingers of elves who had touched them.

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The Black Cat

(*Continued from page 12*)

Failing, after much further effort, to make any impression on Mr. Revell's derisive scepticism, the young man took his leave, saying that he did not intend to leave the matter where it stood.

Mr. Revell might have retorted that neither did he, but he kept his own counsel and merely nodded and smiled non-committally. Had Mr. Revell acted at once the end of this strange affair might well have been far different; but he was a creature of routine. It was nearly noon and at noon his habit had been for many years to stroll over to the Constitutional Club and in the lounge there, over a glass or two of sherry and a cheroot, discuss with a few cronies the way the world of business was wagging. And so, as soon as young Stephen Jellicoe had left him, Mr. Revell set off for his club, leaving further action till the afternoon; and as he lunched at one-thirty and liked to take his time over his food it was nearly three o'clock before he did anything.

BY then it was too late; for Mr. Jellicoe, immediately upon leaving him had gone to the police and told there the story to which Mr. Revell had listened with such obvious scepticism. The police, being impartial and unprejudiced, did not in the least share that, apparent, scepticism. On the contrary, they believed young Mr. Jellicoe's story; they believed it so thoroughly that they immediately got into touch with Scotland Yard. And so, when about five o'clock that afternoon, a telegram reached Captain Grainger, instructing him to get on to a telephone for a private talk with Mr. Horace Revell, a detective from the Yard impounded the telegram (just as three hours earlier he had taken possession of the cat Joe) and instructed Captain Grainger to make the call from the nearest police station and that he himself would be present. Captain Grainger obeyed these instructions and opened the conversation by explaining in a voice of admirably feigned bewilderment that for some inexplicable reason detectives from Scotland Yard had come aboard *Janet* shortly before two o'clock and had taken away the ship's cat Joe.

The detective listened to this with great good humour. There was perhaps a note of mild admiration in his voice as he said, "Well, that'll do, Captain; no need to prolong the conversation; trunk calls are expensive; you don't want to upset your boss."

MR. REVELL was already upset. More upset than he had ever been before in his life. He thought things were beginning to look rather ugly. As they undoubtedly were. For this was young Stephen Jellicoe's story. His father, Ben Jellicoe, in partnership with his two uncles George and Frank, owned the twenty-five ton fishing smack *Bessie* of Lowestoft. They had put to sea just after four o'clock on the afternoon of Thursday, November the seventeenth, for one of their customary fishing trips, and were to be back by ten o'clock on the Friday morning. They took with them, as they always did, Ben Jellicoe's pet Tom cat, Tinker, a large one-eared black cat with white patches on breast and right foot. During the night there was a heavy sea fog which by dawn had drifted inland. The Jellicoes had not returned and it was feared that the *Bessie* had been run down in the fog by some criminal vessel (the phrase was young Stephen Jellicoe's) driving through the fog at full speed and in silence. That fear was now, young Jellicoe said, an established fact and the criminal vessel, he alleged, was the collier *Janet* in which the cat Tinker had been discovered on the Friday morning and brought to Newcastle. Quite obviously, claimed young Jellicoe, when the *Bessie* was ploughed under the waves by the bow of the *Janet*, Tinker, on deck at the time, had made a desperate leap for safety and had clambered on to the *Janet*, unseen by the man in the wheelhouse, who also had been apparently quite unaware that he had run down the comparatively tiny smack.

That was young Stephen Jellicoe's story. It was contested by the Revells and the case came to Court. There was never any real doubt about what the Court's finding would be. In the course of the proceedings Captain Grainger admitted his killing of Bob and his order to the Mate, Gilroy, to keep the *Janet* at full speed and not to sound the fog syren.

The Jesmond Steam Navigation Company had to pay in compensation and costs a total sum of twenty-five thousand pounds.

CAPTAIN GRANGER was severely reprimanded and was told that he might consider himself extremely lucky to have escaped a charge of manslaughter. He lost not only his job but his Master's ticket. He was not perturbed. He had always been a saving man and he decided now to retire. To the surprise of many, and to the consternation of his chapel, he opened a small public house on the outskirts of the town and gave some evidence of a certain grim sense of humour by naming it *The Black Cat.*

END

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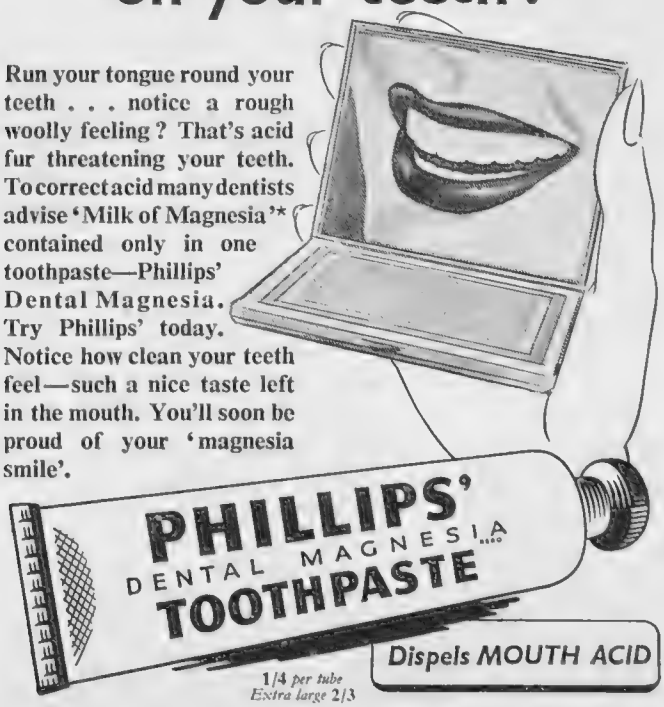

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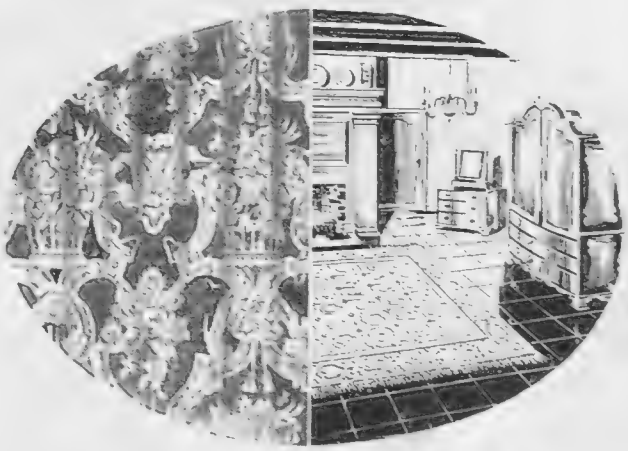

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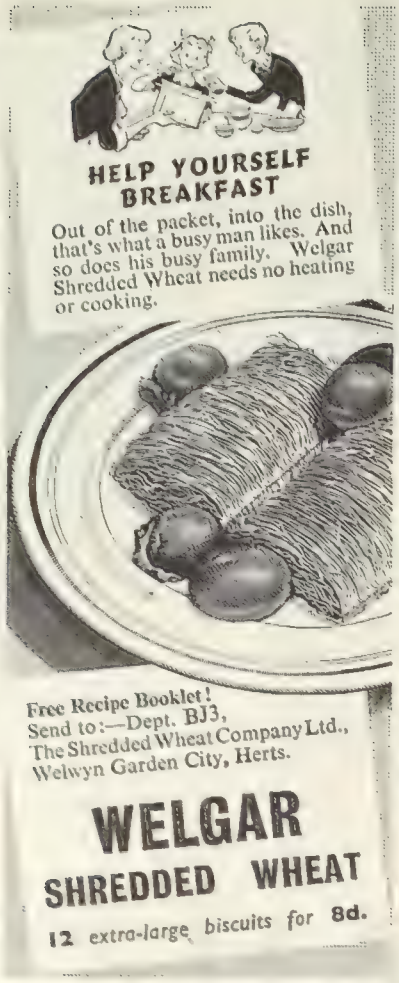
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Pride Won't Pay The Fees

(*Continued from page* 36)

when they are ten or eleven. If they are well taught, children love acquiring knowledge and an orderly acquisition of facts gives a feeling of self-confidence and purpose.

In my own experience the primary school does a good basic job, but the classes are large and the chances of individual attention proportionately small. So individual problems and the broader issues—where the facts fit in—remain with the parents. This makes the job more difficult from their point of view, but more interesting on that account.

After two years I believe my two children are better equipped to deal with life than many of their more favoured friends, and that my squeamishness about certain niceties of expression and behaviour is a small price to pay for their greater self-confidence. After all, pride won't pay the fees.

MARGARET NEALE

END

The Fabulous Fabergé

(*Continued from page* 20)

most austere of all the great craftsman's creations. Made of blackened steel, it bore the Empress's initials in gold. Inside was an easel, also in steel, bearing a square miniature by Zuieff representing the Tsar with the Tsarevitch in conversation with staff generals at the front. The egg was poised on four pieces of shrapnel on a block of nephrite (Siberian jade).

But Fabergé did not only make Imperial Easter eggs. Cigarette boxes, caskets, bonbonnières, figurines of Russian types, birds and animals, were produced in great quantities in his workshops and, not least were the beautiful little sprays of flowers which, although designed naturalistically, show a distinctly oriental influence. All these are dealt with and illustrated in *Peter Carl Fabergé*, a magnificent example of book production with many illustrations in black-and-white and in colour. It is a volume for the connoisseur both of Fabergé and of fine books. The author knew Fabergé personally and he has examined the whole of his work besides painting the background into which he fitted so perfectly. A Library Edition of 1,000 copies of this remarkable book is published at £7 7s. and an Edition de Luxe of 250 copies at £14 14s., which is printed on handmade paper and bound in half Niger morocco.

END

History Returns To The Temple

(*Continued from page* 16)

Benchers' dinner, inspecting with Her Majesty the charter of King James I, dated 1608, which granted the two Inns most of their property.

The restoration of this noble Tudor structure—it dates from 1562 and took ten years to build—to its former glory recalls the early days when the Inns of Court were centres of a far more corporate life than exists now. The entertainments in the Middle Temple Hall were famous, and it was for long the scene of elaborate Christmas masques and revels, and dances and banquets provided in honour of royal guests. Gaming evidently went on there, too, for when the old floorboards were removed in 1730, about 200 small dice, stained with age, were discovered, having no doubt fallen through the cracks.

Play had its place, but work was highly organized and discipline strict in the strongly collegiate atmosphere of the old Inns. Some 300 years ago many young men used to go there for a liberal education, with no thought of becoming barristers, and at one time as many as four out of five students were never called to the Bar. Nevertheless, legal teaching remained the chief *raison d'être* of these ancient institutions.

Exactly when the four Inns—Lincoln's, Gray's, the Inner and the Middle Temple—were founded is uncertain, but they probably evolved from the law schools of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Of those outside the Temple, Gray's Inn was existing in 1330 and records of Lincoln's go back to 1422. In the Temple itself legal men have congregated ever since the fourteenth century, for "certain professors of the common law" occupied a few houses near the Temple Church (the same one as we know to-day) in 1326. They settled on the land which had once belonged to the Knights Templars—hence the name—and which, on the suppression of the Templars in 1312, had reverted to the Crown and then passed to the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, whose tenants the lawyers became.

At least as early as 1440 the lawyers of the Temple split into two Inns of Court and became members of the Inner or the Middle Temple. For a spell, when Henry VIII dissolved the Order of the Knights Hospitallers, their lands came under Crown possession again; but in 1608 James I granted them, on payment of a small annual sum, the Temple property in perpetuity. This charter of 1608, preserved in its ancient wooden chest, was the very one inspected by their Majesties when they dined in Middle Temple Hall this year.

From time to time our kings and queens have taken a strong interest in the Inns of Court. Queen Elizabeth, at a period when England was providing some great lawyers, had a close contact with these centres of legal learning and often used to visit them to attend their lavish entertainments. (It was in her reign that the custom of calling to the Bar began.) Later the relations between royalty and the Inns weakened a little, but a new personal connection grew up when in 1886 the Prince of Wales (later King Edward VII) became Treasurer of the Middle Temple and dined in Hall as the first royal Bencher. To-day's royal interest is evident from the double tenure by the King and Queen of the Treasurerships of the Inner and the Middle Temple respectively.

A further great historic association of the Temple will be revived when the Temple Church—the ancient shrine of the Templars—is fully restored. Though its five-foot walls stood fast against high-explosive this venerable pile suffered badly from fire, and to-day new stone walls and brick-and-steel piers incongruously support the shaky fabric. The work of restoration will be hastened as stonemasons and other craftsmen become more readily available.

And if any building is worth saving it is the Temple Church. It represents eight centuries of history, and is almost unique as one of the few surviving round churches in England. Modelled on the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, the rotunda (where once the lawyers gathered to do their business) was consecrated by the visiting Patriarch of Jerusalem in 1185, and the chancel dates from 1240. It has several times been restored and added to; Christopher Wren and Robert Smirke the nineteenth-century architect did a lot to it. Now that its conical roof and so many of its noted effigies and monuments have gone, the value of what remains becomes all the greater.

The same can be said for all that quiet quarter which lies between Fleet Street and the river. With so much of its past blotted out by bombs, this careful preservation of some of its best surviving features is a timely tribute to the long history of London.

END

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The Truth About Kid Nimmo (*Continued from page 19*)

You couldn't marry *him.*" She snatched her hand from him.

"Of course I mean it! I love him!"

He sat silent for a little while, trying to pull his wits together.

"Ben's a drunkard—and worse," he said at last.

"You *would* say that! You've been listening to Dad! I don't care what Ben's been or what he's done—that's all in the past. He's giving up drink, he's promised me. He's giving up all his bad habits."

"He could never do that," said Angus.

"Oh, he can, he can! He loves me, don't you understand? And I love him, I love him!"

He stared at her aghast. For a space he was too overcome with the anguish and bitterness of his heart to trust himself to speak. He said presently, with solemn deliberation: "You say you love him. Are you sure of that, quite sure?"

"Quite sure, quite sure," she said.

He looked deep into her eyes, and his last flickering hope was killed stone dead. It was true, then. She loved Spellman—dirty, drunken, immoral Ben. He doubted it no longer. He gave a sharp laugh and patted her hand.

"So long as you'll be happy," he said, gaily. "And—oh, heavens, just look at the time! I really must be going, Lucy."

EVERYONE agreed that the change in Ben was remarkable.

They saw nothing of him down in Toni's these days. If you wanted him, you would find him at the counter of Sam Lee's hardware store, and even then he was hard to recognize. For Ben's clothes were spruce and clean, his nails white, his hair brushed, and his chin decently shaven. True, he smoked a prodigious number of vile cheroots, but this was a peccadillo Sam Lee could afford to overlook, for Ben had proved himself not merely a good salesman, but sober and honest into the bargain.

It was wonderful, everyone said, what love could do in a man. And Sam Lee, that shrewd and calculating Chinese trader, smiled to himself when he heard it. For he could have told you that Lucy was not the only influential factor in Ben's existence. There was the Reverend Angus Jackson. For it was Angus who had persuaded Sam Lee to give Ben this opportunity. It was Angus who provided Ben with two new suits and found him a respectable lodging on the Huroni Road. It was Angus who had lectured Ben on the evils of licentiousness; and on the self-respect which comes to a man from good companions, cleanliness, and abstemious habits.

To all of this Ben proved receptive and obliging. He had, it seemed, turned over a new leaf without any effort. Every Sunday, he borrowed Sam Lee's boat, and made the two-hour trip across Nachung Strait to Carpenter Island. On his way down to the harbour, he had to pass Toni's where his old cronies invariably greeted him. He was always friendly, giving them a genial wave of his great brown fists, and a cheery word or two. But he never went in, and he was always back at Sam Lee's store by eight o'clock next morning.

On one evening in the week, Ben walked up the hill to visit Angus. It was an odd friendship, for they had little in common. They talked of gardening, and the weather, of pearls and copra, of the problem of the semi-educated native. They agreed on many points, as strangers will agree, for the sake of pleasantness. Lucy was seldom mentioned. Sometimes Angus would read aloud from newspapers, of which he had a plentiful supply; or from his favourite author, Scott; and Ben would loll back in his cane-chair, watching the jack-flies bumping on the ceiling, a look of mild surprise showing in his eyes.

Secretly, as of old, he was amused by Angus. Yet it troubled him that, despite their recent intimacy, Angus seemed so remote from him. For all his friendliness and hospitality, Angus remained inscrutable, unknowable. Like a sweetly tuned machine, Ben thought, always sure of himself, never out of gear. And there was no way of telling the inner thoughts moving behind those solemn eyes.

On one occasion Ben tried to break through the barrier that lay between them.

"It's funny you and me sitting here like this," he said. "I mean, it's funny me being friends with you, of all people."

"Am I as bad as that?" asked Angus.

"You're as *different* as that. You're . . . you're. . . ." Ben groped for words. "Well," he said, "it's just that I haven't properly got the hang of you, I suppose. It's funny, though. I said to Lucy a long time ago: 'I'm going to marry you, and none other. And I'll have old Angus do the marrying, though he hates the sight of me.' I didn't know how I'd set about it at the time, but it's what I told her. It's working out that way, too."

"You have forsworn liquor," said Angus, reverting to a favourite theme. "You must never forget that your happiness, and Lucy's, depends on it."

Ben grinned amiably.

"I still reckon it's funny," he said, "the way it's working out."

A WEEK before the wedding, Ben went down to the harbour to interview one Tod Anderson about the hiring of a boat for his honeymoon. It was a sweltering day, and Tod was in Toni's, drinking schnapps. For the first time in many months, Ben went in—and stayed in. At five o'clock in the evening, he presented himself at Sam Lee's, very drunk. His manner was so uproarious and menacing that Sam Lee escaped through a back door, and sent a scribbled message up to Angus.

In reply, Angus sent a note demanding that Ben should go up to see him immediately. Sam Lee bawled this message through the door, and Ben cried: "Angus, Angus! Yes, I'll see him! I'll show him something." And kicked over a pile of aluminium saucepans to show what he meant. He wandered down to Toni's again, had half a dozen quick drinks, then lumbered up the hillside, singing lustily.

Angus was alone in his sitting-room when he arrived.

"Well, Angus!" shouted Ben. "Here I am, you little so-and-so! So now what?"

"You're horribly drunk," said Angus.

"I'm feeling fine," declared Ben. "So now what?"

Angus was very pale. He rose deliberately from his chair and removed his jacket.

"What's on?" smiled Ben.

"I'm going to teach you to keep a promise," said Angus.

Ben's wits suddenly sharpened. He gave a great bellow of laughter. The idea that this little runt, with his glistening bald head and his dog-collar, meant to attack him, was too ridiculous!

"Sure, you teach me!" yelled Ben. "Come on, come on!"

Angus came on. He struck Ben in the mouth, a blow so powerful and vicious that Ben staggered back with his arms spread wide to the wall. He felt the blood trickling from his lips, and let fall a terrible oath. His right hand closed on a narrow-necked vase. Swearing and roaring he advanced on Angus, and Angus came again to meet him. Ben gasped as he saw the devilish look in Angus's eyes; he swung the vase, and missed by inches. Then Angus struck him, struck at his face again and again, struck with incredible strength and fierceness. Ben reeled, his arms flailing; he could see nothing except a dim and swaying shape that was Angus. As blow rained on blow, he sobbed and moaned, and at last he shrieked in pain—and fear. Then a hammer clip met his chin; he fell to his knees, and sprawled senseless on his face.

When he opened his eyes, he was on his back, and Angus was bending over him.

"You'll feel better in a minute," said Angus.

"Yes," said Ben.

A pause. Then:

"I'm sure you'll keep your promises in future."

"Yes," said Ben.

"So much depends on it," said Angus. "Lucy's happiness depends on it. Lucy. Remember that."

Angus helped him to a chair.

"Your face is a mess," he said. "But it won't hurt, there's no permanent damage done. Do you know, Ben," he went on, after some moments. "Do you know you have made me break a most solemn oath? And the odd thing is I feel no repentance for it! I once killed a man, a man named Landas. I killed him unwittingly, and I swore I would never strike a man again. I took to preaching, to doing good works." Angus nodded solemnly. "Yes, it's true, quite true. One day, when we know each other better I'll tell you more about it. Are you recovered now?"

"Yes," said Ben.

"Then sit up like a man," said Angus. "Sit up and we'll discuss the final details of your wedding."

THE wedding was a great success, despite the discoloured eye and swollen lips Ben wore on that occasion. Lucy understood from Angus that these were wounds of honour acquired in the defence of her good name. She was impressed, and so was blind old Jim. So, indeed, was Ben himself, who half-believed it might be true, so troubled was his own recollection, and so convincing in the telling was Angus.

Now, as I say, I can vouch personally for these circumstances, the wedding and all that led up to it. I can vouch for the success of the marriage, too, though that doesn't properly concern you. But maybe you're wondering how I know all this?

Well, there's that great sheaf of clippings on Kid Nimmo that I've browsed through. And I'm on the best of terms with Lucy, and with Angus, too. He keeps no secrets from me these days. My name? Well, why not?—though I guess I'm not exactly the hero of this story.

Ladies and gentlemen, the name is Benjamin Spellman.

END

Seen In Passing (*Continued from page 45*)

confidence up to a fifty-inch hip measurement.

This is the answer to the fallacy that mature and full figures require heavy well-boned corsets and only the slim figures can enjoy the comfort of downward stretching "lastex" garments. Many of the larger-sized garments designed in this fabric have a patented waistband incorporating featherweight doll-sized boning, to prevent the girdle rolling over and to ensure diaphragm control.

FOR those who are taking skating as a serious hobby, there is a charming skating skirt made by a well-known firm and priced very moderately at 34s. 6d. It is in pure wool, with a charcoal check on a natural ground and a choice of overchecks in rust-brown, green and blue. It is flared for action on the rink and available in waist sizes 25, 26, 28, and 30. Fitted briefs to match that zip smoothly up the back cost 22s. 11d.

Utility price undies with a ceiling price finish is interesting news for anyone who has not yet set herself up in woollies for the winter. The vest and pantee sets seen were in pale peach wool and rayon mixture, as light and soft as thistledown and yet cosy next to the skin for chilly days. The lacy vest top has a clever inset of elastic to keep it trim fitting and the pantees are neatly tailored at waist and leg.

END

On The Roof Of England (*Continued from page 32*)

in one place that Britain was "divided into two equal parts by a chain of mountains called (i.e. by the Romans) Penine Alps which . . . extend toward the north in a continued series of fifty miles." Bertram had attributed the pamphlet to a fourteenth-century monk of Westminster; later it was proved to be a literary hoax, Bertram himself having compiled it! But the name, now spelt "Pennine," was nevertheless adopted for the range, which continues for 100 miles beyond the estimate of Bertram's shadowy "monk."

Several kinds of rock contribute their characteristic elements of scenic grandeur to the Pennine country. Limestone scarps and caves, "caps" of millstone grit, whinstone crags and ridges—all have provided a wonderful background for the lore and legend that make the Pennines one of the most fascinating regions of Britain. They can produce phenomenal weather, too! Only those acquainted with the Yorkshire Pennines can fully appreciate Ruskin's comment, in *Modern Painters* when, referring to the strength of a Yorkshire mountain "breeze," he expressed the "vague sense of wonder with which I watched Ingleborough stand without rocking."

But for sheer fury what can excel the Helm Wind that rises on Cross Fell in Cumberland! A springtime phenomenon, it sweeps everything before it, making the otherwise peaceful Vale of Eden into one vast corridor of relentless, icy-cold blasts. No wonder that Cross Fell (2,930 feet) was long known as Fiend's Fell. Yet once, at least, the Helm did serve Northern folk a good turn. It was while the Normans were attempting to subdue the few remaining English who were stubborn enough to hold out against the invaders. Boethar, the local English leader, and his men were fleeing before the foe one day, when suddenly the Helm broke loose, scattering confusion everywhere and utterly demoralizing the Normans, who later left the scene with sadly diminished numbers!

No doubt, the mythical Giant Rumbald who was wont to stride across mid-Wharfedale from Ilkley Moor to Almscliffe Crag was a relic of the Pennine "host of demons." Stories of other fearsome creatures are encountered up and down the Pennine Way. Some, like Giant Yordas and the mountain witches of Craven, inhabited the limestone caves around Ingleborough (2,373 feet) and Whernside (2,414 feet), while within such gullies as Trollers Ghyll, near Burnsall, the ghost-hound known as "barguest" had its lair. Fairy traditions abound, too. Sometimes the "little people" lived in caves (Elbolton Cave at Thorpe, near Grassington, is an example) or in the old lead-mine workings. But the fairies of the Cheviot area were bolder. Once, it is said, their ravishing music lured a party of stag-hunters into a rocky ravine known as the Henhole, near Wooler, and they were never seen again.

Such stories were quite enough to scarify the more credulous when the Roman legions ventured across the Pennines. All the greater honour to them, therefore, for building such splendid roads over the lonely heights, and for keeping camps like those on Hadrian's Wall, where this follows the towering Whin Sill Crags, continually garrisoned. Roman roads can still be traced above Buxton, at the southern end of the Pennine range, and at various places as one proceeds northwards. The best surviving stretch of road is undoubtedly that which tops the crest of Blackstone Edge on the Lancashire-Yorkshire border, between Oldham and Ripponden. The stone sets are still in rough position—sets worn hollow by Roman chariot wheels.

Wild Boar Fell (2,324 feet), one of the Pennine sentinel hills overlooking Westmorland from the south-west, bears in its name a reminder of the ferocious beast with which hill-folk had to contend for centuries. The Twentieth Legion, which helped to build Hadrian's Wall, actually used a running boar as its emblem. The animal persisted in England until the Middle Ages; Wild Boar Fell is said to be the place where the last of its kind was slain.

As already hinted, some of the lovely valleys watered by Pennine rivers or streams are charged with legends that go back to the beginnings of the English race. In some instances, however, the older stories have become overlaid with newer ones. Who can now recapture the story of the ancient monolith bridge that spans the beck at Wycollar, near Colne? Locked up forever in its name—Druids' Bridge, the story has given place to tales concerning the Brontë sisters, who so often visited Wycollar after traversing that fine stretch of Pennine moorland west of Haworth.

The Wharfe, too—issuing from the peat mosses under the northern flank of Penyghent (2,273 feet)—has a tale for every mile or so of its tempestuous, upper course. The "Strid"—a narrow gorge through which the whole river flings itself, in Bolton Woods—must have claimed many victims before the Boy of Egremond rode up, but it is his memory which the torrent always evokes to-day. While attempting to jump across, the youth was pulled back by his hound—and Wordsworth, who has immortalized the story, tells how news of the consequent drowning was brought to the lad's mother. In his memory (so the tradition runs) she built Bolton Priory, so beautifully situated amongst the low, tree-clad hills that are outspurs of the Pennines.

The roof of England is no longer the forbidding place it used to be. Every week-end thousands of folk from the Midlands and the North turn out to explore this or that section of the "great divide"—and the tales and traditions that once awed our ancestors are readily becoming the stock-in-trade for the wayfaring raconteur.

END

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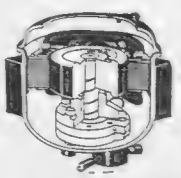

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Looking For Eden And The Arks

(*Continued from page 15*)

Moses on Mount Sinai; 3,000 stone steps climb the 2,100 feet to the peak of this "Mountain of Moses"—Djebel Musa—from the monastery of St. Catherine at its foot. Local tradition asserts that this was the handiwork of angels, who carved the tallest stairway in the world in a single night. The lid of the repository was called the Mercy Seat; the entire reservatory reposed in the Holy of Holies, most sacred apartment of the Tabernacle, and afterwards in the Temple at Jerusalem. Later it was removed to Babylon, and was then lost sight of, but parochial tradition provides some basic clues which may help the well-lettered searchers.

Was the Garden of Eden a real region, or merely symbolic? Questers seek to confirm its terrestrial existence either in the most generally accepted locale—at the junction of the rivers Tigris and Euphrates, originally southern Babylon, where summer shade temperatures often soar to 120 degrees—or near the sources of these two rivers in Kurdistan, or close to Damascus.

A certain learned Moslem, though believing the traditional locality to be the true one, wrote that, after their expulsion from Eden, our first parents were transported to Ceylon; that Adam became a pearl fisherman there, the island's Adam's Peak being named after him. At least, no one would deny that Ceylon is certainly one of the "garden spots of the earth." There is also an extremist view that the Garden was not in what we now call the Middle East at all, but in the Seychelles Islands. Support for this theory bases itself on two factors. The belief that these islands are the remains of an ancient continent that once stretched from India to Africa, being joined also to Arabia. And the island tradition that the Forbidden Fruit was neither the modern apple, banana nor fig, but the unique double coconut, coco de mer, largest fruit known, weight forty pounds, which grows exclusively on two of the ninety-two islands of the group.

As though in active disproof of this theory, for hundreds of years tradition has centred round a certain old tree which is believed to be a direct descendant of the one which brought about the downfall of the human race.

Ancient, unidentifiable as to species, it stands surrounded by a brick wall on the river-junction site of the Garden, of whose existence there a French archaeologist has now added yet another disclaimer, insisting that the most rational assumption is that the pyramids were built over the original Eden. He even displayed skeletons of Adam and Eve to prove it.

END

The Tidal Telegraph

(*Continued from page 25*)

morning," a beachcomber opened a cocoa tin brought to his feet by the waves.

It contained a hastily scrawled note. "s.s. *Saxilby* sinking off Irish coast. Love to sisters, brothers, and Dinah—Joe Okane." *By a whim of fate these last words from a doomed sailor were delivered to his home town, Aberavon, almost to the door of the people to whom they were addressed.*

FOR centuries sailors have in the last extremity thrust hastily scribbled notes into tins and bottles. The seaman whose life may be measured in hours knows that it may be decades before the waves deliver his message, if indeed they ever deliver it. Nevertheless he often has an irresistible urge to record the story of his last hours.

To-day, bottles are also being used in a carefully conceived international plan to trace the direction and speed of the main ocean currents.

Particularly is Britain leading in this field of research. Daily, bottles are cast into the sea from British meteorological ships in the North Atlantic, each containing a message asking the finder to forward it to the Air Ministry with full details of its position when found. Likewise the Royal Society is interested in the direction of the world's ocean currents.

A few months ago a bottle with a message addressed to the Royal Society was washed up on the beach at Wellington Harbour, New Zealand. Dropped into the sea off St. Helena on January 22, 1939, it took a little less than ten years to complete the 10,000 miles "drift" to its final resting place.

The waves will take *decades* to deliver some of the bottle messages cast into the sea by the research workers now engaged in mapping ocean currents.

There is ample precedent for this statement. Only last summer a Russian fisherman picked from among the rocks of the Murmansk coast a bottle containing a message signed by the American explorer Evelyn Baldwin forty-seven years ago. Unable to read, but apparently appreciating its possible urgency, the Russian hurried the note to Murmansk, where Soviet interpreters read in English and in Norwegian what was obviously an S O S: "Five ponies and 150 dogs remaining. Desire hay, fish and thirty sledges. Must return by early August. Baffled."

The note had, of course, long since lost its urgency. For it was written on June 24, 1902, at a time when Baldwin was thought to have died in the Arctic. But Baldwin won through to safety, and he died in his bed in New York in 1933, sixteen years before the sea delivered his "last" message!

FOLLOWING a fisherman's discovery of a vital political secret in a message corked into a wine bottle on Dover's beach, Queen Elizabeth appointed an official Uncorker of Ocean Bottles, and made it a penal offence for unauthorized persons to read bottle messages. This law has long since died, but even before it was introduced to protect State secrets bottle messages were solving sea mysteries, one of which concerned the loss of a French frigate in 1581. Eighteen months after two French warships set sail to search for her, the waves threw on to the beach near Athens a bottle wherein lay a message saying that the frigate was foundering in a gale.

In a more modern year, namely 1902, two British warships set out from Plymouth to search for the steamship *Huronian*. It was thought they might solve the mystery of her disappearance. But they returned without finding any trace of the missing ship. And the mystery might have remained unsolved to this day but for two bottle messages.

Four months after the *Huronian* disappeared, the waves threw a tightly corked bottle on to the Nova Scotia coast. In it was this message: "*Huronian* turned turtle in Atlantic. Sunday night. Fourteen of us in a boat." The fact that this note carried no signature made many declare it a hoax, but five years later its validity was confirmed by a second message. Wandering along the Casterlock Sands, Northern Ireland, a beachcomber kicked a partially buried bottle from its bed and extracted a slip of paper. "*Huronian* sinking fast," it read. "Top heavy, one side awash. Goodbye, mother and sisters, Charlie M'Fell, greaser."

The steamship company's records showed that on her last voyage the *Huronian* carried a greaser named McFell, and his mother claimed to recognize the handwriting as that of her dead son. A five-year-mystery had been solved, and the sea currents provided the evidence.

IT was 151 years before the last message written by a Japanese seaman named Matsyama was plucked from the sea. It told how his ship embarked on a search of a treasure island and was overcome by a hurricane. Cast on an uninhabited island, he and his forty-four companions died of starvation, but not before Matsyama had recorded his story on pieces of wood, which he pushed into a water bottle. That was in 1784. In 1935 the bottle with its message of starvation was *delivered to Matsyama's birthplace, Hiratutemura!*

Not infrequently doubt accompanies the discovery of bottle messages, because the disappearance of a ship has often produced a crop of false messages by hoaxers.

Within a year of the 16,000-ton *Waratah's* disappearance between Durban and Cape Town in July, 1909, five messages purporting to come from members of her crew were found on Australian beaches. They were all fakes. To have reached the places at which they were found, they would have had to drift *against* the currents for many thousand miles!

DOUBT was raised by the discovery of a bottle message in 1827, because of the drama in its contents.

It recalled the terrible end of the s.s. *Kent* by fire in the Bay of Biscay one dark night in 1825. When rescue from the flames seemed remote, one of the passengers, a Major MacGregor, took pencil and paper and slipped into a bottle this message: "Ship afire. Elizabeth, Joanna and myself commit our spirits into the hands of our Redeemer, Whose grace enables us to be quite composed in the awful prospect of entering Eternity."

Eighteen months after the *Kent* foundered off the French coast, a surf-bather in Bahamas found the bottle and MacGregor's message. It was dubbed a hoax. But when it was found that the MacGregors had been rescued from the *Kent* almost as she foundered, the message was forwarded to England for MacGregor to see. He recognized the message, which was put on view in the window of a shipping office in Liverpool.

Research workers engaged in mapping ocean currents are using in their work such authentic episodes as that featuring the MacGregors.

As in the latter's case, the Swedish explorer Salamond Andrée contributed unwittingly to our knowledge of ocean currents.

Conceiving the harebrained idea of ballooning across the North Pole, in 1897 he set off from Spitzbergen, taking with him a few carrier pigeons and cork buoys with which to acquaint the world of his progress.

Of course, Andrée and his balloon disappeared. And every few years the tragedy was recalled by the delivery of cork buoys containing "progress messages" from the dead explorer. The last message was delivered in 1937, forty years after Andree's death and the subsequent discovery of his body on an Arctic island. Andree's crazy plan did not include a study of the more northerly currents, but his scheme helped to fill in a black space on marine maps.

A bottle dropped into the sea from a ship as it pulled out of Melbourne, Australia, forty years ago has recently confirmed the belief that the currents of the South Pacific and the North Atlantic are linked. Dropped overboard in November, 1900, the bottle contained a message signed by one, Arthur Spears. Addressed to a house in Gloucester Place, Brighton, it read: "I can't find any way of sending this except by bottle, as I was too late for the postman in Melbourne.... Let me know if you get it." Washed ashore and retrieved, the bottle and its message were forwarded to Gloucester Place.

LESS happy, and more dramatic, is the story of a launch which disappeared in the Pacific on August 30, 1942. For seven days ships and aircraft searched for the missing launch. Then, seven months after it disappeared at sea, the (*Continued on page 70*)

Sugar and spice and all things nice That is what LITTLE GIRLS are made of
Slugs and snails and puppy dogs tails That is what LITTLE BOYS are made of
"Sugar and butter and all good things – that's what Shortbread is made of"
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waves delivered to Avoca Beach, Australia, a sealed jam jar containing a message from Harold Douglas, her skipper. "Should this note be found," he wrote, "please forward it to my wife, Mrs. Christina Douglas, at Point Barrow. No doubt you're wondering what became of me. I got blown out to sea, engine trouble." A will, written on a blank cheque, accompanied the note.

During and following the first World War, several dozen bottle messages set adrift by torpedoed seamen were delivered by the

The Tidal Telegraph

waves. Probably even more bottles, each with its message, were committed to the oceans during this last war. As one by one the currents deliver them, and those flung into the sea on behalf of research workers engaged in mapping the world's currents, so blank spaces in marine history and in our knowledge of the oceans will be filled in.

END

Poetic Licence *(Continued from page 27)*

that day," he went on. "For people would have noticed us. It was a kind of reception: many of her world were there—the patrons of the arts! That, monsieur, is irony."

"I'd already gathered that," Peter said.

"Yes. Irony of the bitterest. But my lovely little lady was no patron. She had a deep sense of beauty, of rhythm—and eyes of lapis lazuli. Judge of my despair when she told me that on the morrow she was departing for her father's château at Preuilly in Touraine.

"When she went it was if the light coming through the big north window of Dubost's studio was suddenly dead. I felt that I should never see her again. She was so gentle, so beautiful. She lived in one world, I in another, and only in imagination, in the imagination of a poet, could I bridge the abyss between."

"Very tough luck," murmured Peter, who was beginning to feel like lunch.

"But I did see her again, monsieur. I, too, went to Preuilly. I borrowed here and there, and in the end I went."

"That is one way of going, certainly."

"It is one way. I found an inn there, a little inn, and in the woods around the château I walked, hoping to see her, hoping desperately to see her.

"One day, two days, passed. And then she came. But in a motor, monsieur, a great black motor. She was gone in a flash, leaving only dust. I met her eyes for one wild moment, and I prayed that she had recognized the poet in the man so nearly killed by the car."

The stranger leaned forward in his chair: "She *had* recognized me, monsieur. The next morning I met her in the woods. A great wolf-hound was with her, but otherwise she was alone.

"I was humble that morning, monsieur—I, who am rarely humble. I told her that all I ever hoped for was sometimes, at a great distance, to see her. She was touched, I think, by my humility. We sat on a bank of moss a little way away from the road through the wood, and I read to her a poem I had written that same morning. It was an inspiration, that poem. Monsieur, there were tears in her eyes. Did I not say she had the sense of beauty?"

"You did!" said Peter.

"That morning, monsieur, I kissed her hand at the parting. A hand that Michelangelo might have modelled. And she had promised me that she would pass that way again.

"I returned to my humble inn . . . a god. I do not exaggerate, monsieur. A god! It was that same night I wrote my masterpiece, a poem vibrating with the inspiration and the passion of the love which had raised me to the divine height of Olympus. I achieved immortality in 'La Rêve.' You know the poem? No! You will, monsieur. One day you will say, 'Once I met the man who wrote that poem—Jacques Lenoir.' And men will press questions on you as to the sort of man I was. And by the irony that is in these things, you will have forgotten me, and I shall be indifferent to fame—dead. But I digress.

"She came the next morning . . . and the next.

"One day the story of our love will be told . . . though not, perhaps, by me. It will rank among the great love tragedies of all time. . . .

"That day in spring," the poet went on, in a far-away voice, "that day in spring when I leapt across the abyss——"

"Oh, come!" protested Peter, but the other apparently did not hear him.

"It was May, the sap was rising in the trees, there were flowers everywhere. The air was full of the music of the mating birds and I leapt across the abyss—the abyss between two worlds. She was in my arms, monsieur. There, in that dim wood, conventions, codes, rules were as naught. There was a woman, and a man who loved her. And that was all, but it was compact of the beauty and the pathos of all life."

"What about another little drink?" Peter asked.

"Yes . . . I had forgotten. Vermouth-Cassis, please. You are kind. It is thirsty work, talking."

"Not so thirsty as jumping across the abyss."

"Monsieur is facetious. I . . . I am serious. We loved, in that dim wood, as the first man and woman loved in Eden. There in the wood of Preuilly an idyll was born. And died . . . for that day was our last together."

"If you ask me," said Peter, as one who had considered the matter, "I should say it was just as well. I'm sure it couldn't have been good for either of you."

The poet pondered this, before he continued:

"At the parting, she wept. Her wonderful eyes were full of tears. She could come no more, she said.

"I was desolate . . . distraught. I begged her to come once again, but it was to be farewell. Monsieur, she was to be married to another."

"His name was mud, anyway," said the practical Peter.

"No," said the poet, with infinite sadness in his voice, "that was not his name. I remained when she left me, until her slim, white figure was lost in the trees. Hours later, with the world an echoing void, I stumbled back to the inn.

"And I drank, monsieur, for no matter what may befall—there remains wine."

"That's so," admitted Peter.

A momentary silence.

"You wonder, perhaps, why I tell this sad history to you?" the poet asked.

"Not altogether," said Peter, with that pleasant smile of his.

"I never saw her from that day to this. She swore that my face would ever be in her heart. . . ."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"But women forget, monsieur, and who shall blame them? Certainly not I—I who could not forget. I have never written a poem from that day to this—not one. You ask how I have lived? I do not know."

"I didn't ask, anyway," said Peter.

"No. Perhaps you are wise. I tell you the story. I lay bare my heart *because today I saw her again.* Here in Monte Carlo I met her face to face—the woman in whose beating heart always my memory was to remain. Monsieur, she did not know me! Literally, I mean, not in the social sense. I did not think she would in that way, for Monsieur le Baron, her husband, was with her. But she looked at me as if I were glass, with no recognition, no surprise . . . with nothing. Her laugh followed me, a tinkling, calculated laugh."

"Bad luck!" said Peter again.

"But not even you can judge the irony, the dramatic irony *(Continued on page 72)*

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2. Mummy try some . . . can't you just *taste* the difference! And they have lots of body to get me ready for grown-up food.

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of what I have told you. As I have been telling you of the one passion of my life—and hers—there, within ten yards of me, she has been sitting with her husband. You agree, the situation has drama? They have just gone. Do you see them yonder, going up the steps into the Casino—that woman in the coat of fur?

"And that was why I told you. It pleased me, monsieur, was in accord with my dramatic instinct. It was the time and the place . . . not again in all the world will the opportunity occur. You are, if I may say so . . . fortunate."

He emptied his glass and continued, without the slightest hesitation :

"If monsieur had a trifle he would not miss, it would be a godsend. Even a poet must live."

Peter grinned and gave him a hundred-franc note.

"It wasn't a bad yarn," he said. "There was one weak point about it, though."

"So?"

"Yes. The ending."

"That was the best part, monsieur. The most dramatic . . ." the poet protested.

"But it's rather a pity that it wasn't true. I happen to know those people you pointed out. They are staying in my hotel. She is a very nice girl—an American—and this is her first visit to France. Her husband may be a baron, but I doubt it. He calls himself Wilbur B. Whiteside, and he's in real estate."

The poet carefully folded the note Peter had given him. "Then my choice was unfortunate," he said without turning a hair. "The pair now going into the Casino—the lady also wears a coat of fur. It is just as dramatic . . ."

He grinned as he rose to his feet : "Monsieur !" he said, and having ceremoniously saluted Peter, went on his way.

END

Poetic Licence

Town Hall Government

(*Continued from page* 28)

was to inaugurate its modern, scientific, highly-organized water, sewerage and drainage system, as perfect in every detail as is humanly possible and economically practicable. It was, also, to make history by appointing the first Medical Officer of Health not only in Britain but throughout Europe.

What was thus achieved in Liverpool has its equal elsewhere in Britain. Until the industry was nationalised, Birmingham's municipal undertaking supplied 150 square miles of built-up area with 66,000,000 cubic feet of gas; in 1876 the Midlands town took the bold step of launching the first real slum clearance scheme, a modest effort which liquidated no more than a few acres of hovels in the centre of its industrial area. Later, however, it developed to such an extent that Neville Chamberlain opened the forty-thousandth council house fifty-seven years after his father, who was mayor in 1876, put his signature to the document condemning those "few acres of hovels" as unfit for human use.

In a massive, 100-page Statistical Abstract covering the period of a century of progress, the L.C.C. proves that despite the tendency of its citizens to die or get killed in a dozen different ways, London's own "town hall" government becomes more enthusiastic each year in its sheer persistence to keep ratepayers healthy. Among *incidental expenses* London notes nineteen million envelopes, thirty million pints of milk, ten million eggs . . . and 400 miles of sewers which, with a fleet of vessels, take care of refuse disposal. The motto? "It Pays to be Clean !"

That's what Manchester thinks, too, ordering twenty thousand new brooms each year, local equivalent to getting into the corners so that no cobwebs remain to clog up the works of effective administration. And to Manchester, among other items of town hall activity and achievement goes credit for introducing Britain's first free public library serving a populated area which is increasing so rapidly nowadays that the city takes books out to borrowers in travelling libraries.

When rates became burdensome in the Leeds area the city's transport system—175,000,000 passengers annually—chipped-in £2,000,000 towards relief; at the other end of the social scale Leeds inaugurated municipal hire purchase, selling furniture to 3,500 tenants of new council houses. And yet another town hall government activity of the Yorkshire city is a department catering exclusively for wedding festivities. So it goes on, this friendly competitive spirit of "I'm-one-up-on-you." And it is all to the benefit of the taxpayer.

Sheffield's local administrators made history by appointing Britain's first full-time paid Smoke Inspector, an expert who proved that the nation wasted 5,000,000 hours each year on extra washing. It became a model for other industrial centres, London included, and smoke-abatement became an accomplished fact, while soot was turned to commercial advantage. But the very oldest of the many forms of town hall administration —the Poor Law system—caught and held the attention of every councillor who ever served on any unpaid committee. Purpose of this system, until quite recently still broadly following the lines of the Relief Act passed in the days of Good Queen Bess, has been transformed beyond recognition.

The new approach to this centuries-old problem of the Old Folk . . . the folk whose useful work is done and ended . . . in effect aims to wipe out the dreaded past of the Poor Law and, instead, build homes for the aged which are HOMES in reality. Hallowed places where old-timers can take the same pride and interest as they once bestowed on their own household in happier, more active days. Happier? Maybe not. Quite a number of new homes built by local administration are a great deal happier, certainly more pleasant, than thousands of back-to-back, sunless workaday slums the old folk knew when they were ratepaying citizens. . . .

And so the story could continue, with ever-increasing credit to town hall administrators up and down Britain; back of it all are not the Big Names among political spellbinders with their long-term programmes but the obscure committees of unhonoured, unsung, unpaid councillors whose devoted labours made and continue to make Britain a very worthwhile land to live in, despite its critics ! They admit mistakes, those committees. They seldom speak of miracles achieved; and that is a vitally important factor worthy of note by successive central governments who, every once in a while, forget, or ignore, that each city, each rural area has its individual requirements and peculiarities.

"Town hall government" say the real experts who know, was never intended to represent a political Party to the exclusion of the electorate. *Passed to Whitehall for reference. . . .*

And who may these real experts really be? They are the Back Room Boys of local administration; the men and women local government officers who stand four-square behind all the planning, the statistics, the blueprints, the achievements—and the failures —of council committees. *They* are responsible for so much of the real efficiency of decentralized administration. And, if you ask them whether all is well so far as they are concerned, what would they answer? Difficult to say. At one time it was claimed with confidence that the town hall job was a safe job, with safe pay, safe routine, a safe pension when working days came to an end.

But it would seem that some of these back-room boys are beginning to revise those claims; in twelve months ending December, 1948, no less than 30,000 of their number walked out of their own town halls for the last time, quitting the safety they had enjoyed. The reason? Says the National Association of Local Government Officers : *"There isn't enough pay !"*

END

White Coffee

(*Continued from page* 31)

table-cloth, the silver candle-sticks, the Irish linen napkins, the best of everything was being prepared; for to-night's dinner-party was important. The guests included the new Military Secretary and his wife. Other Government officials, and some of the officers on Frank's staff, had also been invited.

Switching on the light over her dressing-table, Maria stared into the mirror. Her dark eyes were unusually troubled and, since this morning, she had been feeling sick and afraid. Applying her make-up carefully and more heavily than usual, she asked herself over and over again, why she hadn't pressed Frank to retire last year; why she hadn't insisted. And yet, what reason could she have given? Not the true one, anyway.

Maria rubbed off the superfluous powder she had applied to her cheeks and thought : If Frank hasn't suspected for all these years he hardly would to-night. Besides, why should he? There was nothing to show; nothing at all. Maria frowned at herself; then covered her face. A Eurasian ! She wanted suddenly to vomit. She was certain Frank had always said Eurasians were untruthful. Untruthful? And for seventeen years she had been living a lie. Oh, and she despised the Eurasians as much as he did. More so; for she hated them. The thought of her Anglo-Indian mother had filled her with disgust; the memory of her father with fury, as she had read the morning paper.

The announcement, splashed on the front page, had revolted her like an obscene newspaper story of some human frailty, some perversion. The new regulation obliged all former "Anglo-Indians" resident in India for ten years or over, to re-register as Indian citizens from next month. Desperate, Maria had not understood. For her there was no need to register, to say, to do anything. No one need know. For married, she shared her husband's own nationality. But she had not understood. *She* was an Indian citizen ! *She*—who loathed their very country so passionately. It was unthinkable, humiliating.

All the hot sultry afternoon Maria had lain on her bed, wretchedly. There was no one she loved or cared for except Frank; and her son. And now, she would have to make sordid confession, not to them only, but also to some sneering little Indian clerk in an office. She couldn't, she wouldn't do it ! But most of all, she couldn't face the pain and revulsion in her husband's eyes as he learnt the truth from her.

Outside, night had fallen. Crossing to her wardrobe, Maria paused before her long mirror. She had a beautiful body; but to-night she hated it. She hated her white breasts; her naked legs and thighs; her pale, distraught face. That body was nothing but a white sepulchre disguising her coloured blood. Although it was still hot, she shivered. Suddenly, through the window, the lights from Frank's car approaching the house shone in the mirror, darkening for an instant her own reflection. There, she thought, with loathing, there I stand, in my true colours !

Presently she must go downstairs, for it was getting late. To-night, some time, she would have to tell him; when they were alone, when the guests had gone. But now, somehow, she must endure this dreadful party; their last, perhaps, before Frank was horribly disgraced. For just a while longer she had a position to keep up, a self-respect to pretend. Wearing a formal white dress, Maria left her room. (*Continued on page* 74)

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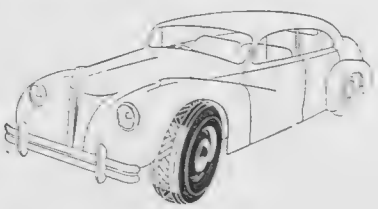

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And the dinner was a success. The English food was excellent and appreciated, while the soft light of the candles ensured a pleasantly informal atmosphere. At one end of the long table the General was entertaining the Military Secretary's Parsee wife with anecdotes of Staff College days which, to his pleasure, she appeared to find amusing. Opposite, Maria was as often on these occasions the centre of a masculine attention. Playing a part she normally enjoyed, she could, for a moment, forget. Once or twice during the meal she caught Frank's eye. All was well and she could see it through.

The General had spent a trying day at the office. For the best part of it, he had had the patience-trying job of explaining new commitments to a recently-promoted senior Indian officer. The prospect of the all-Indian dinner ahead had therefore been tiresome. Yet as he now looked at his wife, her expressive little mouth slightly smiling and her dark, soft eyes holding his in the candle-light, he forgot his weariness. He was almost enjoying himself.

The last plates were cleared away, and in the short silence that followed the General proposed the King. Unselfconsciously, the Indians rose to drink His Majesty's health. The General was aware of a feeling of new respect for these men as the light touched their glasses, and the rich red of the wine glowed against the two rows of brown faces flanking the table. There was a sincerity in the way they replied: "The King!" A year ago it might well have been obsequiousness; when these same Indians would have been embarrassed at the toast and uneasy at the table. Now, they obviously treated their host as an equal; as an honoured friend, even. It was strange the General reflected, as Maria led them out on to the veranda, that he had not felt this change before to-night. And out here in the half darkness, where the colour of all skins looked much alike, it was easier to feel at home with them.

The coffee percolator was placed before his wife; and as the General watched her light the methylated burner, the little blue flame lit up her infinitely dear face. He doubted whether she had shared his thoughts as they had drunk the King's health. Across the garden, over which the moon was beginning to rise, a sweet fragrance drifted towards the house from the flowering shrubs. A chatter of crickets rose from the darkness. Poor Maria; she had always hated India. It had all meant so little to her. An Empire, a duty. She had never really understood. He had been selfish to remain out here so long. Half listening to the quiet hum of talk, he wondered if these men could not be as capable as the Sahib in managing their own affairs. Few of them had really had much of a chance before. Well, we should all see before very long.

With a slight shrug, the General forced himself to pay attention to his guests; and by way of joining in the conversation, he asked whether there had been any particular news in the papers to-day.

"No, nothing much, really," someone replied.

The General sipped his coffee appreciatively. Rather to the surprise of visitors, Maria always insisted on making it herself; and, as a result, it was invariably excellent.

"Then you haven't heard about the new regulations for our Anglo-Indian friends, sir?" laughed one of the men. "Next month, they have all got to register as Indian citizens."

Desperately, Maria tried to catch the cup and saucer she was holding; but it smashed in pieces on the tiled floor, spilling its contents over her white dress. At once the men near her were on their feet, although it was too late to do anything and already a servant was sweeping up the fragments. The Military Secretary, whose progress in government service had been hastened for saying the appropriate word at the right time, now remarked cheerfully: "How lucky, Mrs. Powell, that you take white coffee; the stain will not be permanent I think."

"White coffee—white coffee" was echoed, "just the very subject we were discussing, was it not?" Then wittily: "And after next month there won't be any more White Coffee."

Everyone laughed; and for all except one, the situation was saved.

For all except one. She had not realized what an effort it all had been; how much it had cost her to keep going throughout the evening. Now, in the darkness of the veranda, Maria could keep up this awful pretence no longer. Lying back in her chair, her face dead white, the dampness of the cooling liquid on her thigh frightened and disgusted her. Normally, she would have been distressed at soiling her dress, angry at her carelessness. Now, nothing mattered much. White Coffee! Oh, my God, White Coffee! Frank could never forgive her. Somehow, Maria stumbled into the house.

With a shocking, impossible suspicion tormenting his mind, Frank had tried to catch her eye. But she saw no one. He was left; staring into the darkness. He ought to go up to her, of course he ought to go up to her at once. But he remained. Just for the present, he must not let himself think. In a moment, perhaps, she would return, when she had changed her dress.

With self-control and effort, the General forced himself to listen to the resumed small-talk. Briefly observing each in turn, he was satisfied none of them had guessed what he still refused to admit. Then a few minutes later a servant whispered something in his ear. "My wife has a bad headache, would they please all excuse her." It was a sign for the party to break up. And thanking this reserved, not unfriendly Englishman for a very pleasant evening, they all hoped Mrs. Powell would soon be quite recovered. The Military Secretary again trusted the coffee stain would not be permanent. And, shaking his hand, the General gravely hoped it would not.

They were all gone. As the lights of the last car disappeared, the General stood alone in the garden. The light was still shining from Maria's bedroom, while the hard shadow from its uncurtained windows was diffused and softened over the row of Hibiscus bushes, near where he stood. The General walked towards the house, silently; erect.

She was waiting for him. He would have expected her to return to the party; and woul be puzzled, even angry, that she had not. Ah, well; it would be nothing to his disgust and shame later. When he knocked at and opened her door, Maria was lying on the bed covered by a sheet only, with her discarded, stained dress flung across a chair. She said nothing as Frank entered; but her eyes, searching his face, detected no anger. He looked bewildered, almost shy. Her love for him welled up and she tried to hold back shameful, hot tears. In her distress she bit a corner of the sheet, and wondered once again why she had ever deceived him for so long. But she knew she had deceived him in order to marry him. In the silence came the sound of cups and glasses being cleared from the veranda beneath the open window.

"There is something I have to tell you," Maria whispered; "and something I should have confessed when you asked me to marry you; before you asked me to marry you." Unable to bear the sight of his face when she told him, Maria turned away. "And when I've told you what it is, you will have to divorce me," she finished desperately. She struggled to find words as Frank sat on the edge of the bed, gently removing the sodden corner of sheet from her hand.

Stroking back her tangled hair he said: "There's nothing you need tell me."

"But there is, there is," she sobbed. "Oh, you don't know . . . I'm an Eurasian!" Maria shouted the hated word. "An Eurasian! Don't you understand? My father married an Anglo-Indian woman. Out here, in this awful country." Violently she buried her face in the pillow.

"Well, don't you hate me?" she said at last. Sitting up on the bed now, Maria tugged at her dark, long hair. She had expected, had dreaded all day, that look of pain in his eyes when she told him; but she looked now straight into his face. Through a film of tears, Maria saw only the old Frank; the Frank who had come into her room a few minutes ago. He hadn't understood. All over again; she would have to tell him all over again.

"There's no need to tell me anything," Frank said. "I—I've known for a long time. I believe I first guessed after John arrived, as a matter of fact. And there's no need to register. No need to do anything at all." He bent forward and kissed her wet cheek.

Maria understood nothing except that her husband, presumably, still loved her. Pressing her face against his hand, a thought came to her. "John? We shall have to tell John now, shan't we?" And Frank replied after just a moment.

"Yes, I think perhaps we shall have to tell John now. But he's a Powell too, you know."

Maria had understood only one interpretation; and almost satisfied, she looked up at him again.

"Frank, if you knew all this time, why didn't you tell me?"

Frank was silent. He turned her crumpled pillow and straightened the sheets. Then, carefully, soothingly, as to a child: "You would have been terribly upset if you thought I had known your secret." Standing now, she seemed to him such a slight figure on the bed. "There was no need to cause you unnecessary embarrassment; when nothing could be done about it." Frank knew that must have sounded pompous, so he smiled.

"And you can still love me, darling—even after all this?" Her eyes, dry now, looked shyly into his.

But Maria thrilled. She need not have asked. "If only I could have been sure, quite sure; I would have told you long ago. But I was so certain you would hate and despise me," she ended more to herself than to him.

Letting go her hand, Frank stood up straight. "Hate and despise you? No, that's not possible," he said. Then, as an afterthought: "All the same, I think perhaps it's about time we returned home." Walking over to the window he continued to talk almost to himself, so Maria found it difficult to hear. "You understand, don't you, there's nothing we need do. In Indian eyes you are English—as English as I am. But to-night at dinner I began to realize we are not needed here, now. Why I didn't see it before I can't understand." His hand was on the curtain and he made as if to draw it. "My pride made me remain after last year, I think. Why, these Indians are competent enough on the whole; I just haven't always understood them, that's all."

Sharply Frank drew the curtain across the open window, shutting out, as it were, all India herself. Then turning round, he saw the stained dress flung across her chair.

"The real trouble with these Indian fellows—they're too damned colour-conscious." The brown, dried coffee-stain was mocking him, so he tried to laugh.

"But I suppose in time they'll grow up."

Seeing her husband frowning at the foot of the bed, calmly denouncing the colour consciousness of the Indians, Maria too began to laugh. A little hysterically, as the irony of it came to her. Frank actually thought she cared what the miserable Indians thought of her! Darling Frank, how she adored him. Dear, silly old Frank!

Opening her bare arms wide to him now, Maria knew she was irresistible. Her body was aching for him. Never had she needed him so much as she did to-night. She watched the tense lines of his face relax as he came to her. Later, as he lay in her arms, she was glad she had told him. Glad, even though she hadn't understood about the registering. How unnecessary all the deception had been. How wasted the secrecy, when both of them still loved so much. What difference had her blood made to their love—to their marriage? Maria thought sleepily. None. She knew it had made no difference at all.

He had left her, sleeping. In his own room, the General could not sleep as he watched one by one the stars fade from the dawn sky. A light breeze occasionally fluttered the cloth on his dressing-table, and from somewhere in the house

(*Continued on page 76*)

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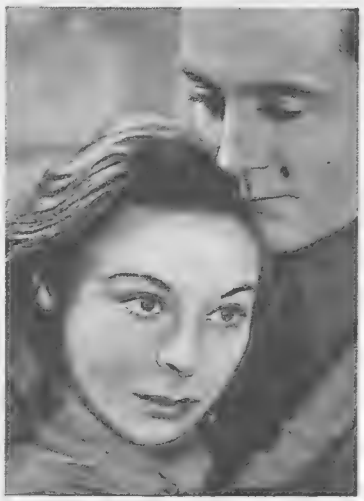

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he could hear the servants rising. Turning on his side he faced the patternless wall, whose darkness grew paler as he lay sleepless, heavy-eyed.

His life had been governed by rigid codes, by certain principles. Always he had been embarrassed, nauseated even, by the thought of mixed blood. He was too old to change now. First suspecting to-night on the veranda, he had refused to believe. When she had not returned—even then, he had not been quite sure. Only at last when he had gone up to her, only then had he known. Those dark, frightened eyes.

Standing alone in the garden, his racing mind had left him undecided what to do. But seeing her lying on the bed, his own wife, ashamed. There had been only one course. She must not find out he hadn't known all along. But, not to have suspected before! When John was born, he might have wondered. Yet the boy was no darker than his mother. His mouth tightened. Maria had refused to bear another child in India. Over that she had been right.

John. He must not think of his son now. Thoughts of the boy kept pounding in his exhausted mind. He was sixteen now; soon he would be a man. What now of the future he had planned for the boy? What decent girl would marry him—when she knew?

How could she have deceived him like that? His eyes smarted. She thought he didn't care! Well, perhaps it was better like that. True, to-night as he lay with her he forgot. Just for the moment. If he were only younger, perhaps in time it could be different. But he was not young. Just an old, tired man—an old Blimp. Though he tried a little, he could not even smile at the thought.

The sun had risen and its slanting rays struck harshly through the window. Already the air was heavy with heat making the room stifling, when Maria awoke. Where she had lain her body was wet with perspiration, and flinging off the top sheet she turned on her front while the sun played over her. After a few moments she slipped on a gown and went into Frank's room. His forehead was moist with sweat and one arm hung loosely down from the bed as he slept. How tired he looks this morning, she thought. Poor old darling, and she bent down and kissed him. Her lips tasted the salt. One had to remember he was really quite old now. Maria smiled happily to herself. Wait until she got him home; he would be a new man. Out here, in this heat, even her own energy was sapped.

END

In Search Of Glamour (*Continued from page* 44)

by gentle massage with a skin food, followed by a soap and warm water wash. This special lotion should be used regularly one night a week.

The number of massage creams on the market are enough to bewilder any woman. One of the purest cold creams, which is suitable for most complexions costs 1s. 2d., 2s. 7½d. or 5s. 3d. for a jar which should last two or three months. A beauty firm renowned for the purity of its preparations sells three massage creams for three different types of complexion. For the normal skin they recommend Special "O" Skin Food; for the dry and sensitive skin there is Special Baby Skin Food and for the mature skin "E" Thick Skin Food. The price of all of these is 6s. 8d. Pasteurised Face Cream, price 5s. is good for the normal or oily complexion and Pasteurised Face Cream Special for the dry skin, price 7s. 6d. The firm which sells these two creams also sells Grecian Anti-wrinkle Cream to prevent dryness, lines and wrinkles. This costs 9s. 2d. The Anti-wrinkle Lotion made for lines and crows-feet and crêpiness is 17s. 6d. There is a Herbal Eye Tissue Oil for 9s. 6d.

Revenescence Cream is a rejuvenating cream, which originated in America. The price of this is 20s. 3d. This firm, which is now making a great reputation for itself over here, also sells a special cream called Facial Glow at 12s. 4d., Eye Cream at 10s. 8d., and another Special Cream at 7s. 5d.

When it comes to the question of skin rejuvenation there is a preparation called Sothis, which is put up in little glass ampoules. This treatment is sold for home use. A box, which will give you three treatments costs 31s. 9d., six treatments 57s., twelve treatments 105s. Each box includes two lots of ampoules, one of the liquid which is spread on the face and left on for half an hour and the second ampule is the solvent, which is used to remove the liquid mask.

END

The Hatchetman Cometh (*Continued from page* 13)

of moral tone brought about by hatchetmen who clearly answer to a popular demand or they wouldn't be where they are—perched in the very big money, enthroned as kings of their craft, able to lash out, and then talk with almost dictatorial accent. Wrote one hatchetman of a respected old man of letters: "If the old goat wants to get tough . . . he is an antedeluvian crud who has been mewling about the art of writing for the last 2,000 years." What's a "crud," you may ask?

One must hand it to these fellows: they are constantly coining new words and invective. It is one of their rare plus qualities. Hatchetmen employ minutely selected words which their audiences understand to mean more than they say. Thus, if they wish to put over that two film stars or socialites have gone ahead of the marriage day, they say the couple are "anticipating," or "sampling." That is one way these fellows get around the libel laws which, in any case, are much milder in the U.S. than here. Another way is to threaten to say or write something else that is new and damaging, if the complainant does not desist. This risks a second, or double, libel action, but is a gamble which comes off as often as it does not. And on the latter occasions, when action *is* taken, there is always big money in reserve, for "shyster" (crooked) lawyers to wield in private conference, or, in the last analysis, to pay out in damages awarded.

How seldom the last occurs, may be gleaned from the fact that a leading hatchetman has been sued ten times and brags that he has never once paid a judgment against him. These ten suits were for an aggregate of nearly £2,000,000. The hatchetman knew how to squeeze the last ounce from his privileged position as loudmouthed watchdog. At the core is the fact that libel does not intimidate. These men are ready with all the tricks and cash to circumvent matters, or to square them when driven to it.

The very closest study has been made of the law, and hatchetmen admit they get through by toning down a libel until it isn't worth taking action over. Hatchetmen sometimes take swipes at one another, and sue. They are members of a closed corps, who know how to play ball with one another, and this is a good way to promote self-advertisement.

A decisive factor is that hatchetmen invariably move in a monied ambience. They lead "plush" lives at the fine restaurants, hotels and clubs; are at the centre of "Café Society" and political salons, else they couldn't get the inside stories, true or false, which they contrive to fire off each day. The job of a hatchetman devolves in a sordid, debased atmosphere of tapped wires, bribed officials, planted stool pigeons, shadowed cars, anonymous telephone calls, and secret files. That doesn't prevent its principal spending almost as much of each day as the bright magnet at social gatherings, cocktail parties, first nights, and receptions.

On which occasions, people who should know much better, seem to be attracted to the hatchetman, as moths to flame. Sometimes the fellow hardly has to operate on a "story." These folk, men as often as women, take a delight in blabbing to the great man. They work off feuds and jealousies in this way. They also earn future blurbs for themselves. Such a salubrious business it all is! Shot through by the American mania for publicity, phobia of a freely naïve exhibitionism.

A top-notch hatchetman will earn anything from £50,000 to £70,000 a year, as syndicated columnist and sponsored broadcaster. Nothing even remotely like a hatchetman has ever been heard on the air here. In ten or fifteen minutes of high voltage paragraphs, your hatchetman strikes his blows, bursts open secret closets, hacks this way and that, regardless of all consequences—except to himself. Revelations, insinuations, "forecasting," jeers, jabs, goading. How much truth there is in it all, hardly matters, so long as it has got a sure-fire kick and is tolerably libel-proof. If time marches on, truth staggers on where hatchetmen are concerned.

Hatchetmen ply their new-style trade in most of the cities, while concentrating in New York and Washington. Some spit out their facts and falsities like machine-gunning; others drawl them in undertones. Everything is grist, everything is news. No matter if one's best friend be hurt, out it comes. These men are utterly ruthless and the term "hatchetmen" singularly becomes them. Their output has been likened to "a brand of ruthless, theatrical, crusading, high voltage, hypodermic journalism."

Some people profess to see in it more than vestiges of good. One is informed that hatchetmen "keep small men honest while forcing bigger ones to work in an atmosphere of caution that may cramp their style, but has other virtues." All I will bet, is that hatchetmen would soon enough stink in most European nostrils. Not that a suggestion of them isn't being imported in mild form.

One of the favourite recourses of the hatchetmen is bribery of officialdom. Thus are some of the most delicate operations of diplomacy upset by premature disclosures. This happens every now and then, and can have serious bearing on the unfolding of the cold war (or hot peace). Nothing serious is done to avoid a recurrence. The hatchetman glories in what he has done and the public thinks what a card he is. These men metaphorically break open Government safes and cupboards, and the same day are seen lunching in company at fashionable clubs and restaurants.

Some people are beginning to worry about hatchetmen's activities since the spectacular case of ex-Defence Minister Forrestal, crazed into jumping seventeen storeys by long and remorseless jabbing. You read that Americans "are sick at the stomach over the curpack." But are they? Why, then, should leading hatchetmen continue to have weekly aggregate audiences of ten and even twenty millions?

As before indicated, hatchetmen are openly admired in some quarters for keeping public life purer than it would otherwise be. These so-called "investigating journalists" who go round by sense of smell, smelling where something is wrong, are held up by editors as examples to other forms of journalists. The trouble they make, the lives they ruin, are tolerated provided they liven up the page and lace a sponsored programme.

The rare useful functions that hatchetmen perform, are trotted out in their defence. One of the best known concerns the exposure of "the red house on R street" in Washington. The place was run by a Lobbyist who wined high officials in surroundings commonly called "of ill-fame." The Lobbyist sued for £250,000 damages, whereupon the hatchetman involved went back to the attack. Disdainful of putting servants in other people's houses (all of his tribe are not), he got an attractive young friend to pal up with the Lobbyist, with the (*Continued on page* 78)

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result that enough dirt was obtained on the latter to have him jailed, and the suit dismissed.

But that was a flash in the pan. The truth seems to be that these hatchetmen are currently on top of the world in harsh, abnormal times of radically changing values, and probably the dictum of a politico who suffered from their attentions, comes near the mark: "Nothing will deter them until one of them is bumped off." One hatchetman is known to employ a bodyguard at specific hot moments in the course of his hatchetry, a circumstance which again puts one in mind of the gangster. A second hatchetman has had a knife waved 'neath his nostrils in the Congress building itself.

Yet the extraordinary fact remains: no violence, other than brief *bousculades*, has yet been offered to any of these men who care so little for the feelings and fortunes of those they hack away at, in pursuit of the big money.

They "add to the gaiety of nations" sometimes. They promote the fortune and earn the thanks of some, admitted. But does it balance the other side of the story?

END

The Hatchetman Cometh

Two-Colour Fair Isle (*Continued from page* 40)

end of row. Join on grey wool with a knit row.

Next row.—P. Join on pink wool with a knit row.

Next row.—P. ** Join on grey wool; rep. from ** to **. These stripes are continued until work measures 14 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. Then k. 2 tog. each end of every row until 90 sts. remain. Continue until armhole measures 5½ ins.

SHAPE NECK (all in grey wool now).

Work 40 sts. Cast off 10. Work 40. Continue on the last 40 sts. for 1½ ins. *At the same time* casting off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 30 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 3 armhole end rows. Go to remaining 40 sts. and work to correspond.

THE BACK

With No. 12 needles cast on 100 sts. Work 4 ins. k. 1, p. 1, ribbing.

On the *last* row only inc. in every 10th st. (110 sts.). Continue in st.st. until work measures 14 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 4 at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Then k. 2 tog. each end of every row until 84 sts. remain. Work 2 ins. Divide sts. for back of neck. Work 42 sts. (Place 42 on spare needle.) Work on first 42 sts. until armhole measures 6½ ins.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 6 sts. at neck edge, then work for ½ an inch. *At the same time* casting off 2 sts. at neck edge until 30 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of next 3 armhole end rows. Return to the 42 sts. on spare needle, and work to correspond.

THE SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles and pink wool cast on 54 sts. Work in k. 1, p. 1, ribbing for 1 in.

Change to grey wool with a k. row. Work 1 in. in st.st. Change to No. 9 needles and continue inc. each end of every 6th row until 86 sts. Continue until work measures 17½ ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE TOP

K. 2 tog. each end of every row until 28 sts. remain. Cast off.

NECKBAND

With No. 12 needles and pink wool cast on 130 sts. Rib 1 in. k. 1, p. 1. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press each piece on the wrong side with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up side and shoulder seams. Sew up sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on neckband. Work 2 rows of double crochet down the back opening, making 4 loops on the right side. Sew on buttons. Press seams.

END

A Square Neck And Ruching (*Continued from page* 40)

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. K. 2 tog. each end of every row until 90 sts. remain.

SHAPE NECK

Rib 25. Cast off 40. Rib 25. Work on the last 25 sts. 1½ ins. Work as from ** to **.

Then continue in k. 1, p. 1 rib, increasing 1 st. at the beg. of the next *neck edge* row, and every 4th neck edge row following until 30 sts. on needle, and armhole measures 7 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 3 armhole end rows. Return to the first set of 25 sts. and work to correspond with last set of 25 sts.

BACK

(Worked in k. 1, p. 1 ribbing.)

With No. 12 needles cast on 110 sts. Work 3 ins. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every 4th row following until 100 sts. Work ½ in. Change to No. 9 needles, then inc. 1 st. each end of next and every 6th row following until 120 sts. and work measures 14 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of next 4 rows. K. 2 tog. each end of every row until 90 sts. remain. Continue until armhole measures 7 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 6 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles cast on 78 sts. Rib 4 rows k. 1, p. 1. Now rep. from ** to **. Change to No. 12 needles, rib 1 row. Change to No. 9 needles. Work ½ in. Then inc. 1 st. each end of next and every 4th row following until 94 sts. and sleeve measures 5 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row (loosely) until 30 sts. remain. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts on the wrong side of work, omitting the ruched stripes. Sew up shoulder, side and sleeve seams. Sew in seams. Work 2 rows of double crochet round the neck with a No. 12 crochet hook. Press all seams.

END

Books (*Continued from page* 34)

must run with him to read, not languish lazily in fireside chair. His mission is to scorch and probe, not give you pipe-dreams.

FREDERIC PROKOSCH, who wrote *The Asiatics*, is novelist but poet, too. In **"Storm and Echo"** (Faber, 10s. 6d.) four men go on safari from Brazzaville in the Belgian Congo to Nagala, a peak feared by the natives. One is in search of a lost explorer, another seeks secret metals; but as the quest proceeds it becomes a mystic one for "the dark, forbidden place where man became man" and that darker core of the man-soul baffled by sensual love. Never have I read a novel in which the "feel" of Central Africa was so intense, the jungle so vocal, the people with their witchcraft, fertility dances and strange rites so haunting.

I ALWAYS imagined that America—and especially New York—was favourable to Jews, who achieved fulfilment there in key-trades and professions. Arthur Miller's **"Focus"** (Gollancz, 8s. 6d.) discloses an anti-Jew movement in which his Mr. Newman gets caught up—until he has to take to spectacles which make him look like a Jew and bring him the very humiliations he himself wished to impose. A sharply ironic story with a unique slant on New York life.

AFTER his U.S.A. years William McFee's Mr. Spenlove is cottaged in Essex with wife Perdita. A few miles away is a former shipmate, chief engineer Jack Bannister, a lad with the ladies, who has married one or two *en passant*—including the Belgian widow he heroically rescued from a sinking ship in the 1914 war—and now, at forty-five, has come to roost with the latest, daughter of an American illustrator. **"Family Trouble"** (Faber, 10s. 6d.) is the Spenlove spotlight on this marriage and its comedy complications. I have but one complaint: Spenlove talks to Perdita in solid slabs, even pages of monologue; and what wife to-day would stand it? Mr. McFee should break him up so that he doesn't have to say after 95 pages of it: "I run on, I'm afraid. The garrulity of age!" Or of McFee?

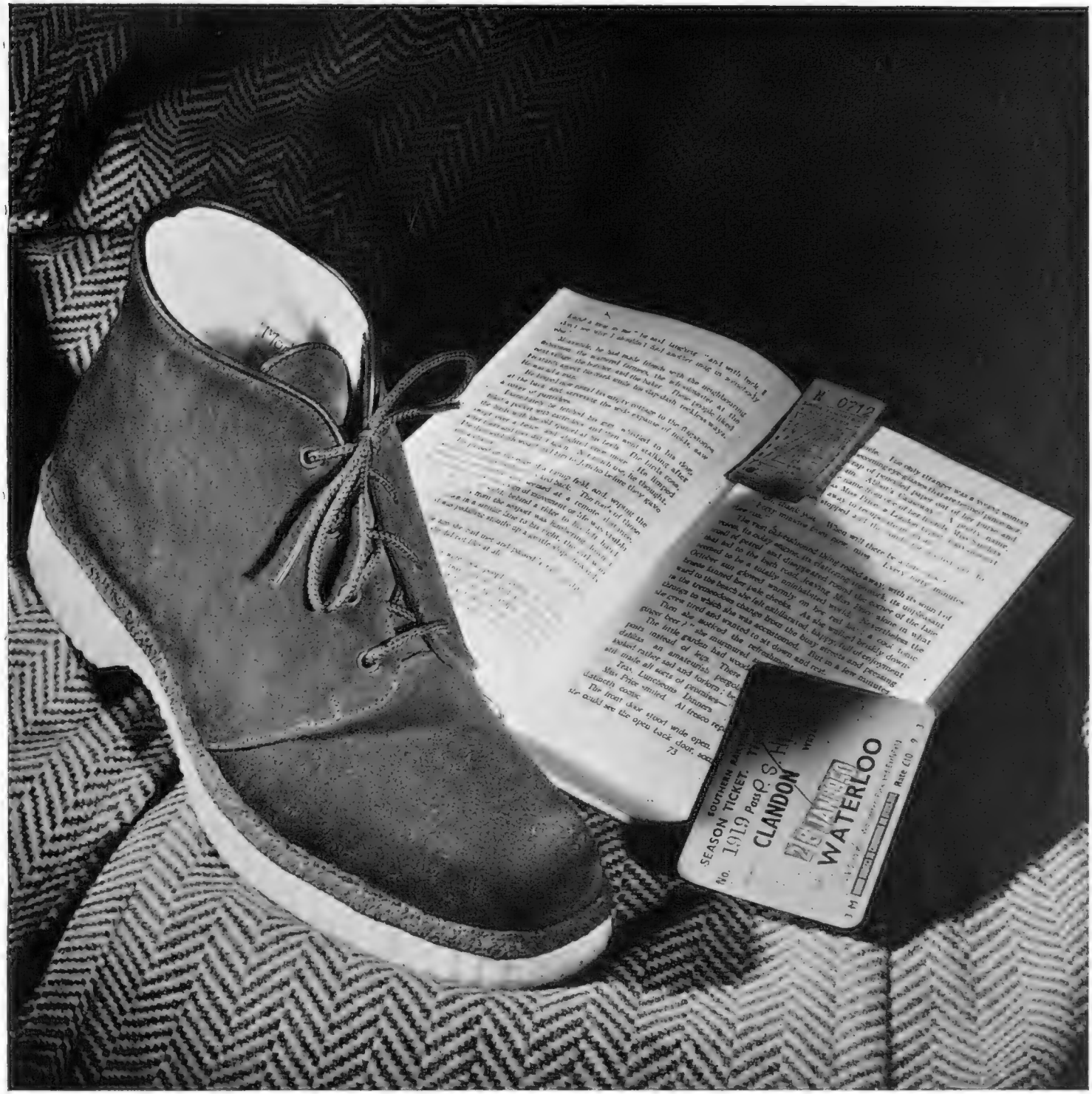
WHAT makes Scots characters so warmly, earthily human? The porridge, the heather, the whisky? Winifred Peck has a true tartan collection in **"A Clear Dawn"** (Faber, 9s. 6d.), the story of homely Honesty McWatt who goes to housekeep for an Edinburgh professor and his wife, and the conflict that ensues when her brother's young wife, Lily, has a baby of which the professor's son Ian is presumably the father. A simple, domestic drama; but with what doting care Lady Peck shapes it and the two lovably real families concerned!

A GIRL who goes to France after the war for an arranged marriage and falls instead for a macquisard whose love has to triumph over the bitter hatred he feels for collaborators is the chief character of Anne Duffield's **"Dusty Dawn"** (Cassell, 8s. 6d.). Before they can find happiness fruit-growing in Morocco Laurie has to threaten to leave "a man who lives in the past . . . who would rather ferret out some wretched little collaborator than get on with—with living." A vivid romance in a Riviera setting.

F. VAN WYCK MASON'S **"Eagle in the Sky"** (Jarrolds, 12s. 6d.) focuses the epic struggles of eighteenth-century America through the lives of three young doctors who are also fighters with a zest for adventure. Soldiers, pioneers, privateers, rebels, lovers, sinners, saints—what a life they lived then, mapping out a New World! A pageant of character, action, incident on a vast canvas, which has sold 675,000 over there.

HAD Mr. Merton been master of a simple handicraft he might, perhaps, have found in humble labour what he sought in monastic discipline. K. S. Woods studies every type in **"Rural Crafts of England"** (Harrap, 15s.), an illustrated survey which hopefully implies that the machine can never wholly eclipse hand and eye.

"WRITTEN by an amateur *for* amateurs" is Cedric Cliffe's description of **"The Making of Music"** (Cassell, 12s. 6d.), an unpretentious guide to the understanding of orchestras, compositions, and the styles of various composers. (*Continued on page* 80)



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He wrote it on war service without handy references, and music-lovers can profit by his enthusiasm.

A U.S. tale of distinction is Frances Gaither's **"Double Muscadine"** (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.), based on an actual murder in the South in the 1850s, in which a half-caste girl-slave is convicted for poisoning her master's son with arsenic in a tea pot intended to kill the whole family. A sensational re-trial discloses that the master, Kirk McLean, is not the pillar of righteousness his wife and friends respect. There is tension, suspense, drama, and that filmic stepped-up emotion U.S. novelists favour. The coloured jacket by Eric Fraser is a masterpiece.

OTHER books recommended to the notice of readers include :

MISCELLANEOUS

The attractive series of **"Little Gift Books"** (St. Hugh's Press, 2s. each). These miniature books are beautifully printed and bound in soft art leather and each contains a short story or an extract from the work of famous authors. The **"Film Fan's Bedside Book for 1950"** (Co-ordination, 8s. 6d.) is even more colourful and lavishly illustrated than the 1949 edition and contains a prize-winning competition as well. **"Knitting Illustrated"** is another practical book for the home craftswoman (Odhams, 8s. 6d.) and contains an easy-to-follow section for the beginner as well as a variety of knitting patterns for the expert. Notes on the preservation, storage and canning of fruit, as well as recipes for fruit drinks and sweets are contained in **"Fruit—384 French Recipes,"** by Henriette Babet-Charton (Crosby Lockwood, 6s.). The four latest additions to the series Handbooks of European National Dances (Max Parrish, 3s. 6d. each) annotated by experts and illustrated in colour include Dances of Switzerland, the Netherlands, Czechoslovakia and Sweden. Two new Faber Gallery Books (8s. 6d. each) are Gauguin, with introduction and notes by Herbert Read and Venetian Paintings with introduction and notes by W. G. Constable.

"Legends of the United Nations" is an an unusual anthology of myths and folk tales by Frances Frost (Harrap, 7s. 6d.) ; **"A Shorter Ego"** by James Agate, an abridged version of the longer books. This, the third and last volume, covers Egos 7, 8, and 9 (Harrap, 9s. 6d.).

There are two excellent new books of animal photography : **"Snow White"** the story of an engaging white polar bear cub told in pictures by Jan Vlasak and Josef Seget (William Hodge, 12s. 6d.) and **"Yours Ever"** a remarkable collection of studies of dogs of all breeds (Avalon Press, 6s.).

FICTION

"Odysseus and the Swine," by Leon Feuchtwanger (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.); **"Castle in the Swamp,"** by Edison Marshall (Frederick Muller, 10s. 6d.) ; **"Inquest on Miriam,"** by Moray Dalton (Sampson Low, 7s. 6d.) ; **"The Furies,"** by Niven Busch (Allen, 8s. 6d.) ; **"The Puzzled Policeman,"** by George Woden (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.) ; **"West Country Short Stories,"** chosen by Lewis Wilshire (Faber, 12s. 6d.) ; **"The King and The Corpse,"** by Max Murray (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.) ; **"One Woman's Life,"** by Eileen Marsh (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.) ; **"The Christmas Ring,"** by Anne Sholto (Hurst and Blackett, 9s. 6d.) ; **"Give Me Your Answer True,"** by Alec Rackowe (Rich and Cowan, 9s. 6d.) ; **"No Cure For Love,"** by Dorothy B. Upson (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.) ; **"Next Tuesday,"** by Ursula Bloom (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.) ; **"Money's Worth of Murder,"** by Clive Conrad (Museum Press, 8s. 6d.).

END

One Ration To Serve Four

(*Continued from page* 49)

1 desertspoonful curry paste; ½ pint fritter batter, made with 4 oz. flour, 1½ gills tepid water, pinch salt, tablespoonful melted margarine or oil.

Wash and clean celery. Select good stick for stuffing. Cut in 3-in. pieces. Cook till tender in salted water. Drain, mince meat, form into stiff paste with a little sauce, stuff celery. Mix curry paste with remaining sauce and coat celery sticks thoroughly with sauce. Cover well with batter; fry in smoking-hot fat till golden brown.

Any meat, minced and creamed with a little well-flavoured sauce, made into little cakes and dipped in plenty of frying batter makes good fritters, or this type of meat filling is very good folded into pancakes. Pancakes of this kind can be made without egg if batter is rather thick and cooked in plenty of fat.

END

Cakes Without Eggs

(*Continued from page* 48)

cake tin. Bake in moderate oven, Regulo 4 or 375° F. about 1 hour. When cold split and fill with layers of butter icing and chopped walnuts. Cover top with water icing. Decorate with walnuts.

FRUIT CAKE MADE WITH TEA

Ingredients: ½ lb. self-raising flour; ¼ lb. lard; 1 teacupful of strained tea; 4 oz. sugar; 6 oz. mixed fruit; 1 teaspoonful bicarbonate of soda; 1 teaspoonful spice.

Boil tea, lard, sugar and fruit together for about 3 minutes. When cool mix with other ingredients. Put in greased cake tin. Bake in moderate oven, Regulo 4 or 375° F. about 1 hour.

END

What's The Answer ?

(*Continued from page* 47)

Can you suggest a cure for goose pimples on the upper arm?

They will respond to a daily scrubbing of warm soap and water. Follow by rubbing with lubricating cream. Always apply cream before retiring to bed.

Is there any way of disguising a scar across the cheek?

Use a pancake make-up and blend it well over the area. Apply a matching powder evenly and press it in well with wool. At a well-known cosmetician's salon in London, they will give lessons in scar make-up for a small fee.

I have been using nail varnish consistently for the past few months and now the nails are stained a faint brown. What is the cause of this and is there any way of restoring the nails to their natural colour?

The stain is caused by dyes from the nail varnish which has been allowed to remain on the nails for too long. Treatment should consist of giving the nails a complete rest from nail varnish for a few weeks by which time the stain should have disappeared. When you go back to using nail varnish again, further discoloration will be avoided if the varnish is removed every night and reapplied the next day, giving the nails a breathing space of eight out of each twenty-four hours.

END

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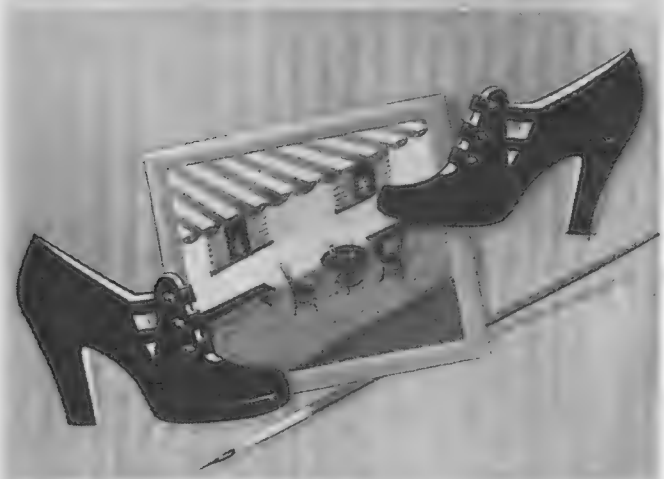

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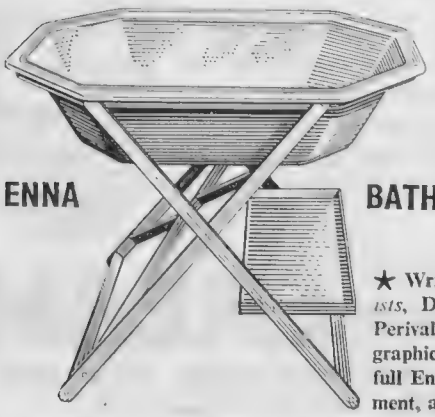

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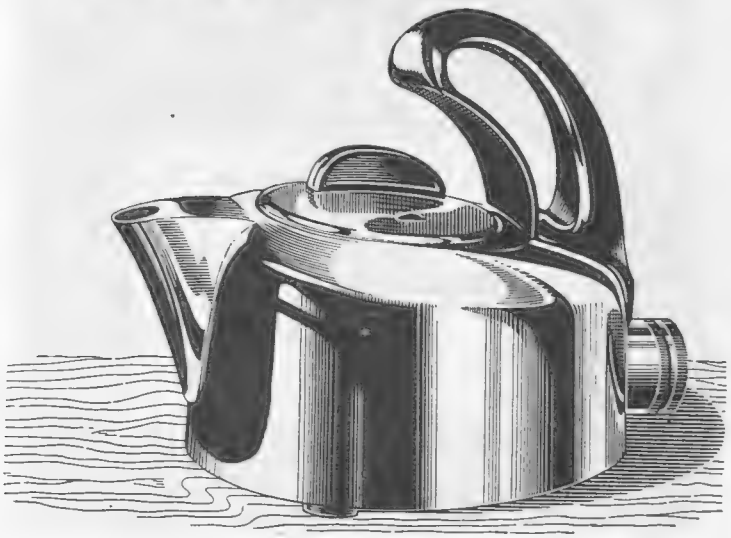

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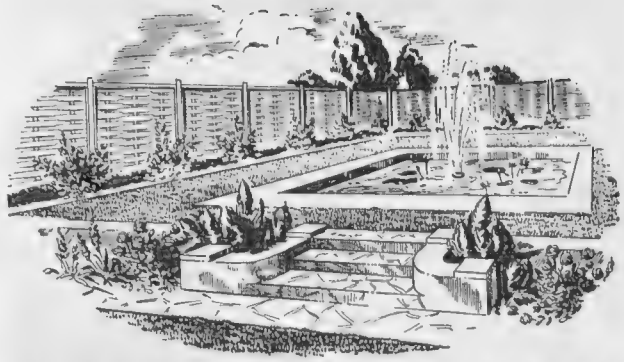

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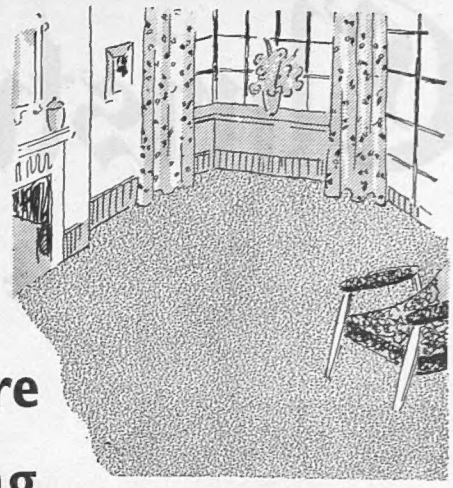

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These are but a few of the 56 pages of short stories, feature articles and full-colour plates by famous artists and authors in the Christmas Number of

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